# THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.*

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# ART AND THE CHURCH

MR. OTTO KAHN is a more than typical example of those men and women of wealth who give generously of their means to foster the cultural and creative social forces in the United States. With many of these patrons their money talks, in the best sense of that vernacular phrase, without much philosophical or critical explanation of their action on the part of these bodies and gentlemen. But Mr. Kahn is conscious of why he should give, and also is competent to express his philosophy. In this way, his patronage of the arts is doubly effective. It leads to others following his example, provided with better reasons than mere imitation. Mr. Kahn's notable address at the meeting of the Catholic Writers' Guild is a striking instance of his ability to give the reasons for the faith that is in him. The stenographic notes of his remarks, now available, confirm the impression made by the hearing of Mr. Kahn's words, and his graceful tribute to the part played by the Catholic Church in fostering the arts should receive more than passing attention. The Commonweal feels it to be a duty no less than a pleasure to print some of Mr. Kahn's words on this subject:

"In a world and at a time too much given to accentuate and indeed exaggerate, the things which divide us, instead of seeking and emphasizing those which unite up and make us kin, art affords one of the most appropriate common meeting grounds. It is democracy in its very essence, knowing nothing of caste, class or rank. It may bestow its choicest gifts upon utter poverty; it may deny them entirely to great wealth.

"A good many people are under the impression that because the pagans had art, therefore there is something inherently irreligious in art. That is, of course, a wholly erroneous impression. The fact is that all art sprang from religion and was meant to serve religion.

"It is wholly appropriate and greatly to be welcomed, that the admirable aims of the Catholic Writers' Guild should be launched under the auspices of their religious faith. It is significant and gratifying


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indeed that our gathering while mainly composed of Catholics, does include Protestants and Jews, and is honored by the presence of that eminent prelate and true prince of the Church, who is held in reverence and affection by all right-thinking people regardless of creed or race, His Eminence Cardinal Hayes.

"The Catholic Church has always recognized the godliness of beauty, it has always fostered art, has ever inspired it, has often defended it against its enemies and those of religion. Not only does the glorious rebirth of art in the middle ages and during the renaissance period owe its very existence to the Catholic Church, not only were the monasteries centres of artistic culture and achievement, but in the mellowness of its ripe wisdom and human understanding, your Church has ever been an enlightened patron of art in all its branches, and in more than one place and at more than one time has stood between it and temporary destruction. An incalculable debt is due to the Catholic Church by all lovers of art.

"The noblest and deepest of all human sentiments is faith. Approaching it is the inspiration derivable from the beauty wrought by God in nature and by men in art. The union of religion and art has been consecrated by an illustrious line of Popes, cardinals and bishops. There is call for that union, indeed for the union of all the forces that make for the higher things of life. For these are days when ill-omened tendencies, differing from and conflicting with one another, are yet insensibly uniting to reach out for that place which long has been held by, and rightfully belongs to, far finer and higher elements. In that unhallowed and discordant company we see materialism, lack of reverence and restraint, the headlong chase after futile pleasures, disdain of discipline, indifference to the things of the spirit; we see, marching apart but converging towards the same goal, the fomenters of class animosity and racial strife; and from yet another wing of that motley and sinister army there come to us the blatant voices of those extremists and iconoclasts who, misunderstanding or misinterpreting or desecrating the meaning of liberty, would rob mankind of some of its choicest and most precious spiritual possessions.

"They will not succeed, they will never succeed, in America! Against the lofty citadel held by the sublime emotion and revelation which is religion, in union with the noblest human sentiments and aspirations, not the least noble of which is art, the assaults of the unbelievers, cynics and Sybarites, the preachers of subversive doctrines and the apostles of intolerance and hatred will beat in vain. From their impious hands their spears will fall shattered and broken, and triumphant will still float the ancient banner inscribed with the hallowed device of faith, love, right and beauty.

"As, in days of old, the crusaders set out under the slogan, "in hoc signo vinces," so let us set out in the crusade of our day, confident that we shall conquer in the sign of those high aims and spiritual aspirations which are cherished, and ever to be defended, by all right-thinking men and women whatever their religion or race."

Even at times when the Church had good reasons to fear that many of the energies of the intellect, particularly in art, were undermining those basic principles of morality which are superior to art, as in the renaissance, the Church showed herself able to discriminate, and continued that historic mission of patronage of which the great cathedrals of the middle ages are the imperishable proofs. As Dr. Alexander O'Hagan pointed out in an essay on the subject, "the Italian renaissance in its origin and scope was not directed against the Church nor were the Popes unfriendly or hostile to those who represented the Humanistic movement. Let us not forget, in support of this contention, that Boccaccio was three time ambassador from the Florentine court to the Papal court and was always well received there. All Popes from Benedict XII to Gregory XI showed Petrarch great favor, and Clement VI delivered the great poet from pecuniary embarrassment. It is true that the Popes differed in their attitude towards the renaissance and its promoters, yet it is surely an attempt to prove too much to charge the Popes with condoning every form of literary immorality on the part of the Humanists, and at the same time condemning the books of the Humanists to be burned publicly, as contra bonos mores as George Havens Putnam has done in the making of Books in the Middle Ages."

Throughout the western world today, the Church, and the children of the Church, continue the great work of conserving and beautifying civilized living. In its own small way, The Commonweal is a slight yet significant part of this general movement. Without the generous support of a number of ladies and gentlemen it could not have begun its task of being a humble but, we hope, useful record of and participant in the creative work of the Church on behalf of general human culture and human welfare.

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# THE COMMONWEAL

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## WEEK BY WEEK

THE Commonweal publishes elsewhere in this issue a letter from Mr. John Jay Chapman to Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, together with letters to both these gentlemen from Mr. John M. Gibbons, copies of all three letters having been sent to us for publication. We also print an article examining Mr. Chapman's views on the Catholic Church as expressed in his book, Notes on Religion. In giving so much attention to this matter, The Commonweal is actuated by the motive which it announced in its first issue, namely, the purpose to deal with religion as a social factor of the first importance, and to encourage its discussion in a fair-minded temper, seeking to deal with facts and principles rather than prejudices and fantasies.

IT is a misfortune, however, that the subject at present has to be dealt with in the midst of excited emotions stirred up by such episodes as Mr. Chapman's letter to Bishop Lawrence. In presenting what it considers to be the just claims of Catholicism to be regarded as a healthful and desirable force in American life, The Commonweal would much prefer to publish the work of interesting and competent writers, calmly dealing with non-controversial subjects. There are literally hundreds of such positive themes that we are planning to deal with. The application of principles derived from Catholic philosophy to the economic problems of the day, the creative work being accomplished throughout the civilized world by artists in many fields who are motivated by Catholic ideas, often when these artists personally are not Catholics, such are some of the subjects we have in mind. But there are controversies forced upon us which cannot be ignored.

WITH Mr. Chapman's position in this controversy, as stated in the concluding paragraph of his letter to Mr. Cram, The Commonweal sympathizes, and, in a large measure, shares his opinion. Mr. Chapman says that he blames Protestant intellectuals for their silence, when "they should give articulate warning of the danger that confronts the republic. They leave this to be done by the Ku Klux Klan, whose indiscriminating violence discredits a cause that is real, profound, enduring—viz., our duty to think and act seriously with regard to the aggressions of Rome." If and when patriotic Americans discern the republic to be in danger, remiss indeed to their civic duty would they be did they not meet that danger promptly, justly, effectively. If they regard the Catholic Church as such a danger, let them by all means be articulate in their warnings. But let them also be definite. Let them present facts. Mr. Chapman does not seem to have set them an example of proper controversy. He first makes a definite, particular charge against "the Roman Curia" and the Catholic Church in the United States—namely, that they have announced their "outspoken purpose to control American education." Challenged to produce his particular proofs of his particular charges, Mr. Chapman gives us nothing but vague generalities. It is indeed to be desired that Protestant intellectuals should deal with the subject of Catholicism in a fashion unlike the Ku Klux Klan, but the same obligation rests upon them that all fair-minded people demand should be observed by those bringing charges, namely, to produce their evidence. Mr. Chapman has not done so.

THE presentment filed with the County Judge by the November Kings County Grand Jury in Brooklyn differs from many such documents in that the jurors attempted to go to the root of the matter in dealing with the reasons for the prevalence of crime among the youth of their community. As many judges also have recently declared, the Grand Jury found that crime among young women and men, often mere girls and boys, was alarmingly increasing. They blamed the parents of the youthful criminals. To the home training, or rather to the almost total lack of it, received by these young unfortunates, the jurors attributed the grim crop of robberies, assaults, burglaries, and even graver offenses with which they had to deal. They accused the parents—and the accusation might justly stand against parents elsewhere than in Brooklyn—of shirking their responsibilities. They name three types of weak or bad parents: those who look upon the train-

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ing of their children as a burden, shirking their obligations and duties, refusing to look upon it as a privilege; those who give their children every material comfort but ignore the claims of their minds and souls by themselves becoming so engrossed in business and pleasure that they neglect even to notice the desires of their children for the proper companionship and the development of the spiritual side of their nature; and those who by their own defiance of law teach their children defiance of it.

UNLIKE many analysts of evil, however, the Brooklyn Grand Jurors prescribed a remedy, and again they went to the root of the matter. More careful supervision and encouragement of the spiritual welfare of childhood was what they recommended. They said: "We believe that the people of Brooklyn must set for themselves a new standard of fealty and devotion to church and synagogue. Let us not 'send' our children to them, but go with them and show them that we believe the things we want them to learn are worth while." The writer of these notes recently talked with the Bishop of a great diocese, who described a visit he had had the day before from a prosperous young business man living in a suburb of well-to-do people. The young man still went to Mass on Sundays, but found it a strain because it cut into his golfing time. Many of his friends had altogether stopped church-going in favor of golfing or motoring. The young man, distressed by all this, wanted the Bishop to do something about it—perhaps by ordering short—very short —sermons on golf, or some special attraction of the sort to be added to the service.

HOWEVER, these golfing and motoring enthusiasts are not quite in so hopeless a position as many modern pessimists appear to be, if the utterances of Mr. Clarence Darrow are typical of their views. In a debate with Mr. Scott Nearing in the Town Hall the other night, on the subject, "Is the Human Race Worth Working For," Mr. Darrow took the negative vigorously, and said—"There is neither purpose in existence or a goal in living. If we knew where we were going we could pick out the road. But so far as science, philosophy, or history can throw any light on the subject, we are not going anywhere and there is no goal and no purpose." The golfers and motorists may not exactly know where they are going, in any ultimate sense, but they are on their way, via the eighteen hole course, and amid swirling dust of the highway. Meanwhile, however, in certain of the churches that stand by the way, as for 2,000 years they have stood, the ministers of the Word still say, day after day after day, words that guide the lives of many millions of people who do find a purpose in existence, and a goal in living. For them, science, philosophy, history, and all their human experiences, agree and support the teachings of their religion, embodied in the words said in the Mass —"a witness to give testimony of the light, that was the true light which enlighteth every man that cometh into this world." Shall they who have seen in that light, deny in the darkness? Shall they not rather hope and labor that the light may give to all direction on their way through life, and be a purpose, and a goal?

HAVING no political attachments or interests to serve, other than the Aristotelian conception of politics as the mechanism through which the true interests of the community should be served, The Commonweal welcomes heartily the action of Governor Smith in appointing Judge McAvoy as commissioner under the Moreland Act to investigate the entire New York City transit problem and report the facts. What bearing the action may have upon the political situation is not our concern. We know that the conditions in New York, in the subways, the elevated trains, the trolley cars, the streets, are disgraceful. They inflict intolerable outrages upon the human dignity of millions of hapless members of the public, who are victims of the bitter, stupid wrangling that has continued for years. No city can presume to be considered civilized where such conditions prevail. A determined attempt should now be made by all concerned to solve the problem. This is a plain matter of justice to the people.

THE Commonweal will begin next week a series of articles on the rebuilding of Austria under the Chancellorship of Dr. Ignaz Seipel, written by Frederick Funder, editor of The Vienna Reichpost, and a writer for many important European reviews. The Chancellor recently retired from office, but the fruits of his work are of world-wide interest and significance as at once an example and a result of the application of spiritual motives, those of good will, of hope, and charity to the solution of the problems left by the war. Dr. Seipel has just given a striking example of his personal reliance upon these spiritual qualities upon which he based his public work. Called into court as a witness against the young man who tried to kill him, and almost succeeded in doing so, he forgave the sobbing prisoner, and pointed out that his own physical illness, in addition to the shock and injury of the bullet, was responsible for the long continuance of his illness. Moreover, the prisoner had shown signs of repentance. The sentence passed upon the would-be assassin was made very light because of Dr. Seipel's pleadings. That Dr. Seipel is a priest is a fact that may be thoughtfully considered in relation to this incident. Those who act according to their professional standards are those truly worthy of confidence and respect.

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## M. JUSSERAND, ADIEU

THERE are certain almost ceremonial observances properly expected of a journal of public opinion which happily combine in an almost ideal way the sense of duty performed and the pleasure of doing something personally gratifying. Such an occasion is the task of expressing, so far as a single journal may express, the gratitude which Americans feel to M. Jules Jusserand, the retiring French Ambassador. The Commonweal is far too young, too untried, to adopt even if it desired to adopt, an authoritative opinion or tone. As a journal it has no long, corporate memories. It cannot depend upon its cumulative records and impressions. In its comments, therefore, upon M. Jusserand it can only give the somewhat personal views of its editors. Fortunately, however, it can safely add to these personal impressions and opinions the unanimous verdicts of the responsible journals of the whole country.

When we find the New York Nation uniting with the New York Times, for example, and newspapers of the far West competing with those of Washington in paying the highest tribute to the Ambassador, it would be entirely safe for The Commonweal to depend upon its contemporaries for a true estimate of the impressions created by M. Jusserand's retirement, even if its editors did not have knowledge derived from personal observation in other fields of journalism of the exceptional value which this gentleman's career in this country has possessed for the United States as well as for France.

Of M. Jusserand's competence as a diplomat there is no possible question. The test his capacity sustained during the awful years of the war is irrefutable evidence on that point, even if his long years of service in Washington had not furnished, quite apart from the extraordinary duties imposed by war conditions, further evidence of that fact. There are, however, many diplomats, no doubt, whose records are as satisfactory to their government, at least, if not invariably to the people and the governments to whom they are accredited.

Americans will remember M. Jusserand even more as a friend, a friend who understood them, who really knew the genius of this country. They will remember him as a messenger of the culture of France, of its accumulated traditions and civilization. They will remember him not merely as a representative of that culture, and those backgrounds, but as one who without ostentation, and in no spirit of condescension, brought to a new nation the best that an older nation could give, and dispensed with a free hand all of which he was representative. They will remember him perhaps even more gratefully as one competent to speak of them beyond the boundaries of this country. His contributions to American periodical literature alone would be ample proof of his services in this respect, even if it were not common knowledge that personally, through his influence in all the circles of society in which he moved, literary and philosophical particularly, he gave forth even more than through the written word. That he should be leaving us at this time is the one regret that Americans must feel in saying adieu to M. Jules Jusserand.

## PERSHING AND AYACUCHO

IT is of no slight importance to the development of better feeling between this country and the whole of Latin America that General Pershing should have been selected as our special ambassador to attend the centenary celebrations of Ayacucho in Peru. For this name, so unfamiliar to North American lips, is linked with the destiny of all South America. It was the battle which marked the final defeat of the Spanish power in the south and crowned the efforts of two supremely great men, Bolívar and San Martín.

Peru happened to be the last battle ground of Spain in America. It was here that the Paraguyan, José San Martín, commanding an army from the Argentine, brought Spain to her knees after that thrilling march across the Andes which has for the new world the glamor of Napoleon's conquest of the Alps. On July 28, 1821, San Martín was made protector of an independent Peru.

But there quickly followed a period of turmoil. The will of the fiery Simon Bolívar, entering Peru from the north, clashed with the more restrained patriotism of San Martín, and the latter withdrew. Bolívar became the absolute dictator in 1824, and with the aid of Sucre, the Colombian, defended Peru against the renewed attacks of the Spanish forces. After first defeating them near Junín, Bolívar advanced on the historic spot of Cuzco where Spain, in the person of La Serna with 12,000 men, had established her last stronghold. There were many marchings and counter marchings in that precipitous region of the Andes, but at last the two forces met at Ayacucho—not more than 6,000 patriots against 9,000 Royalists. The victory of Bolívar was complete and final. He captured not only the viceroy, but his generals, officers and entire army. The news shot through all South America.

This is the event to be celebrated on December 9. About it clings the romance of a people—a spirit other, perhaps, than that of Concord and Lexington and Valley Forge, but in the eyes of our southern neighbors no less glorious. It is a far different war that General Pershing has known. For every man that Bolívar commanded, Pershing commanded a hundred. Yet no man will understand better than Pershing that numbers alone do not make history. Back of men stands the invincible spirit of a people or a cause. Ayacucho is the symbol of the birth of new world republicanism on a continent.

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# MR. CHAPMAN REPLIES TO MR. CRAM

MR. John Jay Chapman, answering Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's letter to him, published in last week's issue of The Commonweal, requested Mr. Cram to send a copy of it to this journal. In forwarding the copy Mr. Cram tells us that Mr. Chapman's letter "does not seem to me an answer at all, but he has asked me to send a copy to you as he evidently thinks it meets my criticism—which I don't think." Mr. Chapman's letter is as follows:—

Ralph Adams Cram, Esq.,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Cram:

I thank you for your courteous letter.

You ask me to point out when and where the Roman Curia or any other official body of the Roman Catholic Church has declared it to be its outspoken purpose to control education in America. I refer you to the history of the Papacy. I don't suppose you doubt that the Roman Church claims a monopoly of education and intends to impose her system on all humanity. I never heard of any one who doubted that. You evidently suspect that through inadvertence on her part America may be left out. The speech of Cardinal O'Connell at the gates of Harvard on October 12 in dedicating a church next door to the college, should, I think put all minds at rest on this point. The Cardinal said of the church he was dedicating—"This temple of God represents the whole truth, the real truth, the fundamental truth and gives the lesson every day that life can dispense with every other sort of half-truth." So much for Harvard's boasted advantages.

And now let us look about us. We see the Roman Church in every branch of its discipline, whether in its universities, seminaries, schools, monasteries, convents; or in the parochial commands that are read aloud in its churches, openly drilling its adherents into contempt for American institutions, and especially proclaiming its intention to control our education.

The gist of your letter, as I understand it, is that you are familiar with all varieties of Roman Catholic education, and that although you are a non-Catholic you admire "the methods of the Roman Church and the results obtained." As for the Church's ambition to control our education, you regard this as a myth.

And in as much as my remarks on this subject "confuse you hopelessly" I would suggest the following plan—That you have a frank talk with any highly-educated honorable man of the Roman faith. Such a man will say to you—"Why, my dear Sir, our faith is the only true faith: it must conquer: it is conquering. We should be false to it if we allowed your American ideas to stand in its way. On the instant that you grant that a Catholic is sincere, the rest follows." Such a man would say in substance what the great Roman Catholic pamphleteer Veuillot said in speaking to the liberals of France—"Gentlemen, when you are in power we claim liberty in the name of your principles, and when we are in power we refuse it to you in the name of our own."

With regard to the Board of Fellows at Harvard and my contention that "under present conditions of Protestant speechlessness" the presence of a Roman Catholic on the Board would make it impossible to discuss the Roman Catholic issue frankly, I notice that in quoting me you have inadvertently omitted the words "under present conditions of Protestant speechlessness." I call your attention to the fact that Bishop Lawrence has not as yet noticed my letter. Are we to suppose that the good Bishop would find his tongue at a board meeting at which some one had raised the abstract question—"Should the Roman Curia be represented on the councils of our non-Catholic Colleges?" Any such question would today be received in gloomy silence by the Protestant Fellows of Harvard.

Yes, I blame the Protestant intellectuals. These men should give articulate warning of the danger that confronts the republic. They leave this to be done by the Ku Klux Klan, whose indiscriminating violence discredits a cause that is real, profound, enduring—viz, our duty to think and act seriously with regard to the aggressions of Rome.

John Jay Chapman.

## OTHER LETTERS

John Jay Chapman, Esq.,
New York City, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Chapman:

I have been very much interested in the controversy aroused by your letter to Bishop Lawrence, and especially by Mr. Cram's reply to you, and I am therefore taking the liberty of attaching a copy of a letter directed to Mr. Cram today.

May I not also take the liberty of suggesting that you take advantage of Mr. Cram's offer to afford you an opportunity to investigate thoroughly all of the phases of the subject under discussion. Of course, I feel that such an investigation by you would result in your withdrawal from the position that you have taken, but I cannot help believing that it would be of national benefit at this time if a non-Catholic of your standing were to look into the entire situation thoroughly and make his findings and conclusions a matter of public record.

J. M. Gibbons.

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Mr. Ralph Adams Cram,
Boston, Mass.
My dear Mr. Cram:

My family and I were greatly gratified by your communication to Mr. John J. Chapman commenting on his letter to Bishop Lawrence.

We too are quite familiar with the relative merits of the Catholic and non-Catholic school systems as conducted in this country. Nearly all members of our family have shared in the advantages of both systems, and when your letter to Mr. Chapman was read aloud from the Tribune at the breakfast table this morning, we found ourselves in entire agreement with you on every point.

Of course we realize that in any comparison of two very extensive educational programs, it is difficult to reach definite conclusions as to the superiority of one over the other. But we know from experience that Catholic colleges and schools are making a splendid effort in every department to keep themselves abreast of the times and that in this they are succeeding admirably.

I think, however, that it would be untenable to assert that the postgraduate courses in our Catholic universities are equal to those in the non-sectarian institutions in this country, but on the whole, we think that in the undergraduate departments, our Catholic institutions of learning are strong where the others are strong, and weak only in the same particulars that the others are weak.

However, considering the struggle that the Catholic system has had in maintaining a decent comparative position, it seems to us that the results have been highly creditable and that, if on the whole, the Catholic system is somewhat behind the non-sectarian system, it is only slightly backward and is in a position to do, and is doing, a very wonderful work both for the Church and the nation.

And it must be very pleasant indeed for Catholics to realize that there are well informed, broad minded non-Catholics of your type to call the attention of the public to the facts.

J. M. Gibbons.

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## THE CHARACTER MARK

OLD failures are continually reappearing as new discoveries in the history of thought. A modern discovery is that all that is really valuable in religion may be summed up in the formula—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It is a modernist contention that this originally formed the Gospel proclaimed by Jesus of Nazareth—buried for ages under theological deposits but now resurrected by the higher criticism.

Exactly the same idea was once proposed as a principle of religious organization in France, and an appropriate title was found for it—Theophilanthropy. It was put before Napoleon Bonaparte, whereupon that sharp realist remarked—"What is your Theophilanthropy? Oh, don't talk to me of a religion which only takes me for this life, without telling me whence I come and whither I go."

That is the crucial test. When religion ceases to bind together the here and the hereafter, it may have beauty, it may stir emotion, it may promote benevolence, it may inspire unselfish zeal, it may support and dignify character in those to whom it appeals, but it is in no proper sense of the word religion at all, and can never perform the moral offices of religion. All history bears uniform testimony to this truth.

## EUROPE'S NEW INFECTION

A NEW infection has appeared on Europe's southern border—not in the Balkans this time, but across the north of Africa into Asia. One Abdul Krim is waging a fairly successful war against the Spanish armies to establish (of all things) a Riffian republic. Vague reports have it that Krim has Soviet backing to establish the Pan-Islam movement across the Mediterranean shores, but the evidence is only fragmentary. The point is that Europe is threatened once more with the creation of a string of weak states, likely to become, as the Balkans so long served, the tools and protegés of rival continental powers.

The weak state, unable in fact to maintain the duties of sovereignty while it clamorously demands all the rights, is perhaps the most malicious war infection of recent times. It willingly yields itself for protection and official graft to any aggressive larger power. Railway, mining or commercial "concessions" follow. This anchors the pocket-nerve of the larger state and generates imperial dreams. When three or four weak states are bunched together, each with a different protector, the infection reaches its height and is due to erupt. This is the story of the Balkans since the disruption of the old Ottoman empire. It threatens to be the history of north Africa in the oncoming decade.

The only reasonable hope seems to lie in the principle of international supervision of incipient statelets, probably under the Geneva League. This at least minimizes the chances of special concessions and strictly national protectorates or secret agreements. The more thoroughly we, as Americans, understand this root cause of European intrigue and conflict, and the sooner we throw our (unofficial) influence at Geneva in the direction of impartial control of weaker states, the less malignant will the north-African infection become. It is not Pan-Islam, with or without Moscow, that we must fear, but our own inertia, lack of understanding (Riff sounds so strangely trivial!) and our unwillingness to speak out in meeting for sanity and prompt action. Our very disinterestedness imposes on us the obligation to think clearly and be strong in deeds.

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# ALL NATIONS

By C. C. MARTINDALE

LAST summer, while walking in the gardens of John Sobieski near Warsaw, and talking French to a lady of German name and a Russian Pole, we chanced upon an Italian priest whom we had entertained at Oxford. We spent the rest of that afternoon together. The incident was a pleasing one. Around us, wind and water too kept up their ancient speech; the wind, carried across that enormous plain, woke the accustomed voices in the huge poplar trees; the insistent swirl of the Vistula set the rushes whispering; a tiny jet of water leapt and chattered in a renaissance fountain. Nature spoke just as it did when those kings and statesmen and generals paced there, and among the ghosts and the living trees and waters everyone felt at home. This was no sentimentalizing. It was a fact, and quite reasonably meditated on. The enduring and the ubiquitous; the eternal and the infinite. The world, which alone is proportionate to the Church.

It is at least to the credit of those modern movements that are not fiercely nationalist, and are the ones that are far more influential than the nationalist, that they do try to un-fence themselves from frontiers. True, they may issue into nothing better than that "syncretism" which marked the collapse of the Roman Empire when it tried to create a world-wide religious unity by melting all the gods into one solar blaze. The material was not strong enough. Nor are those cults, today, which are able to be fused in who knows what Theosophy, Babism, or just Y. M. C. A.-ism. They liquefy into what Aristotle would have called a watery good-will, a wish-wash of philanthropy, where the Catholic faith can teach and supply a universal charity. They foster a smug ethic where we seek for holiness. Bolshevism, though so far it means in the concrete the rule of a minute group of unscrupulous gambler-intellectualists, who engineer wholesale destruction on the bare chance that they may escape with their heads on their shoulders and their pockets full of the wealth of the slain, is none the less a thing conceived on a large scale. Where Liberalism (in this connection) would, if it conquered, reduce the world to a grey slush of humanity, Bolshevism is like to make of it a red mash of corpses. Alone the Catholic Church strives to set it alight with life, and to make the consummated universe nothing less, as Solovieff kept saying, than the adult Body of the Lord.

Even Browning acknowledged that it was "very hard to be a Christian." He did not mean, just to behave according to Christian rules as generally accepted—all that the Epistle to the Hebrews says its readers shall not be told twice, for it is too elementary and they know it by heart—but, to get the universal Christian vision. Catholics have succeeded in so holding their catechism-lore in their heads, that they can answer more or less correctly when questioned. But we feel pretty sure that our imagination, to probe no deeper, is far from Catholicised, and so are our emotions. Else we should know, or want to know, much more about our fellow-Catholics, and also feel quite differently about them. The English, for example, vaguely know that M. Herriot is trying to re-apply old anti-clerical slave laws, but even a novel like M. Bazin's Isolée never quite moved them to tears of blood or to any sort of a crusade; and as for the far sharper persecution of Catholics in Roumania, they cannot know even vaguely about it, else were they not the only group to fail to take up cudgels on behalf of their co-religionists in that country. Yet the Baptists, the Unitarians have learnt what *their* brothers have to put up with, and the papers have been full of their laments for years. I suppose we think of everything east of Venice as "the Balkans," and, drawing more narrow the circle whose circumference Kipling put at least as far off as Suez, decide that "over there" the best is like the worst, be he Hungarian, Roumanian, Bulgar or Serb. That thousands of Catholic Magyars have been flung into an angry and half-savage world, "like so many animals," as Lord Newton, I think, said in the House of Lords, with the applause of men like Lord Bryce and Lord Crewe, simply has not reached our imagination, even if—and it is a big "if"—it has reached our ears.

What, at least, would the Catholics beyond our shores seek from us?

Our sympathy, and our practical aid. Why?

Quite simply, to start with, because they need financial help. Some countries like Germany or Austria or Hungary have been to all practical purposes ruined. Idle to quote profiteers or to insist that in the realms of high finance there is plenty of money. Catholics are not among the profiteers nor yet does the mysterious existence of reserve funds "in other countries" help in the least the actual persons living in the old ones. Some of these lands again have had large tracts of territory, including ecclesiastical estates that were rich in charitably-spent revenues, torn from them—such, once more, is Hungary. Others have had socializing legislation passed which has destroyed large properties and diffused capital, so that Catholic enterprises have been ruined even when the land has not been. So, to some extent, Croatia, Bohemia. In short, people have become very poor, and there is no money available to give in alms. Moreover, in these very countries, the prevalent method by which Catholic things were kept going, was subsidy. That has ceased to exist with

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the funds from which the benevolent subsidized and, indeed, created the schools, the hospitals, the convents. Not only the people, then, are impoverished, but they have had no training in self-help. They are left aghast at the sight of conditions wholly new, with which they have no idea how to cope. Finally, because rich organizations like the Y. M. C. A., half or more than half of them American, pour money into these places and use it very well from the materialist point of view. We have before us the illustrated account of Y. M. C. A. activity in Slovakia. Its lecture halls, laundries, kitchens, theatres, hostels, clinics, gymnastic and athletic equipments, are magnificent. Idle to suppose for a moment, even were these organizations non-proselytist, that those whom they help will not very soon start to attend the religious services they carry on, especially when, as in Czecho-Slovakia, the government is at heart agnostic, and in practical affinity Protestant, and where so warp-and-woof a thing is religion, that athletics themselves involve your belonging to or consorting with either the anti-religious Sokols or the Catholic Orels. Why, even in England, in one great city, where the clergy do not think athletics a matter for attention, we never speak to a young man belonging to one of the church clubs without his telling us of at least six more who, for lack of a Catholic team, play with Y. M. C. A. or Anglican teams, and soon enough attend their "socials" if not their services and usually end by a mixed marriage, having long ago abandoned Mass.

Herein we have not to play the Pharisee. Easy enough to say that the Church is all the better for being poor. We are not sure that we dispute that. But Christ Himself was a workingman, and not destitute. He gave the example, no doubt, of poverty, but not to the starvation-level. The Church, no doubt, has the right to magnificence, but we are not so sure about the churchman. At least, nowhere that we have been have we seen ecclesiastics any too anxious to live luxuriously even if they could. Their rooms, their régime, has been, if anything, ruthlessly business-like, and often austere. To have a motor is not magnificence, but a mercy to our most over-worked prelates. To have a palace need not be personal grandeur. It all depends on what you do with the rooms. And we have seen rococco drawing rooms adorned with the most inelegant rows of pigeon-holes, and ormolu tables bearing type machines quite office-wise. Wealth is, I acknowledge, a real curse. In our ignorance we cannot say, but we should be not surprised to find, that the United States themselves, at least their Catholics, look with anxiety at the high level average of money there. No. We are all for a personally poor clergy: but so long as the Church is part-material, which she will always be in this incarnational scheme of things, she cannot work with destitute officials.

Nor must we say, shrugging our shoulders, that having made their beds with the sheets of patronage, these Catholics had better lie on them even when that linen is worn out. The point is, not whether patronage was a good method, and we do not think it was—but, what is to happen while the folks are learning to contribute to what they want? They are putting themselves magnificently to the task. New sorts of religious institutes, even, are creating themselves—made of men and women who earn their own living, and yet live dedicated lives as completely as vowed religious do. And despite difficulties heroically overcome, all sorts of truly social work is beginning—the difficulties being worse when they are not financial, but consist in the antagonism of those to whom all that is new is anathema, or just in the ignorance of the unfamiliar on the part of men of good will. Recently the editor of a well-known Spanish paper said to a friend of ours that it was useless to write on social subjects in Spain since there was no social work there, and that no workingman would go near a priest. . . We compiled forthwith a list of Spanish Catholic social works, with the help of the absolutely indispensable international Handbook of Catholic Organizations, published in four languages at via della Scrofa, 20, Rome, by Dr. Giuseppe Monti, and sent it to our despondent friend, who will be able at least to correct the editor . . .

None the less, mental habits are not formed in a day. We have found that it was a great encouragement, abroad, to give details of our English method of keeping our Catholic schools going. The determination of our poor, expressed in the gift of such millions of hard-earned half-pence, inspired them, when it did not seem to them an incredible tale. We insisted that rather than admiring our own laurels, we were beating our breasts at the sight of the fewness of our secondary schools, and mens' training colleges.

Finally, sheer examination of conscience, perhaps, is our duty when we see how international philanthropy often does what Catholic charity does not. Realize that we are here exposed to a serious gibe, indeed, to an anti-Catholic argument used with great effect among populations helped by British and American Quakers or Student Christian Movement-ists, but unhelped by Catholics. Only two conclusions seem to them, justifiably, to be drawn: There *are* no Catholics in England or America: or, if there are, they do not care about you. *We* do. Venite ad nos omnes.

In no boasting spirit, may I tell that the group in which I am personally most interested, namely the Federation of Catholic Societies in the British Universities, and its friends, have set themselves to help, in this department, to the extent possible to young and impecunious men and girls. It began by collecting a serious sum for the Catholic students of Austria, three years ago in a deplorable condition. It sent money too to Jugo-Slavia, and a small gift towards restoring the statue of Our Lady which had been thrown down in Prague, along with some one hundred or so images of St. John Nepomuk, only to be replaced by that of John

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Hus. . . It has built a substantial part of a church in Hungary, for a village population that was churchless amid Jews, and other (quite poor) men have given that church two stained glass windows. It hopes to assist in building a two-roomed house for a priest, and a hall, with appurtenances, for the villagers. It has recently sent six chasubles and much linen to Budapest, where unless we err fourteen new parishes are to be made. Finally, much rebuked by people we didn't know, but applauded by our own authorities, the Osservatore Romano, and the German Catholic press, it has sent gifts of about £60 each to the destitute students of west and east Germany, who, far from being in happier case today than they were, are unable to get even those hard jobs that enabled them to continue their studies. I know, and admire, how perhaps a majority of American university students earn, during vacation, their living. But that is indeed different to the work in mines or on railways that even seminarians had to do in Germany, especially since they were scarcely fed. It meant the destruction of a whole generation of Catholic educated youth. We have also tried to send not a few scientific books, unpurchasable in Austria or Germany. And more of this kind. This effort of the federation mentioned is the more remarkable that the group itself did not so much as exist a year or two ago.

Another very grave consideration has seemed to me that of the difficulty in training priests. The shortage of vocations has not appeared to me so much talked about as the shrinkage of seminary incomes. It is hard to feed the men you get, and *very* hard to equip parish priests with decent salaries. Again, destitution simply cripples, where poverty should brace. It would be an admirable work were British and American seminaries to aim at, not merely allow, the presence of a percentage of foreign seminarists in their establishments. Dare we be frank, and add, that we believe this charity would be far-reaching? For there are many American and British methods that we have heard envied in more lands than one. So we are not guilty of an outsider's impertinence when we *quote* the phrase used to us again and again in Austria and Jugo-Slavia—*"nulla pastorizatione."* Priests do not visit. They enter private houses, or hotels, only to administer the last Sacraments. We were ourselves once begged not to enter a hotel en soutane. Everyone would think there was a corpse there. . . . We were welcome to come, said the proprietor, with a sarcasm all the more bitter because unconscious, en clergyman, for "no one would then think you were coming for a religious purpose. . . The peasant clergy used to be, we think, loved by the people on the whole: but in the towns, provincial and capital, we were assured that too often the object of the clergy had become obscure in the eyes of all. They said the offices and received fees. We were explicitly asked, many a time, if English priests could not come, here and there, to work in desolated districts, if English Benedictines, English nuns, would not come and open schools. The field, I should say, for English or French nuns in Serbia alone, is immense. Active congregations are perhaps as needed in such regions, as are contemplative ones amongst ourselves. Presumably the work of retreats for men, like that to which Mr. St. Alban Kite is secretary in Philadelphia, will drive home to Americans how vitally necessary is a strong dose of contemplation if our action is to be other than shoddy.

For two more reasons we hold that our one-time Protestant North has a great work to do for our fellow-Catholics in eastern Europe. First, the crash of extremely old societies has thrown into disarray the whole "social" mentality of many peoples. The fallen, so to call them, have half of them despaired; half of the rest exhaust themselves in futile intrigue. In one city, we were told: "You still see the aristocrats meeting at the midday Sunday Mass. They cannot entertain—it is their only place for gossip. They never go to the Sacraments, but they go to that Mass because they have to meet somewhere, and the old régime always made Mass their custom. You should see the children putting out their tongues at them." We made no attempt to watch this dismal spectacle, and it was, perhaps, an exaggeration, though the speaker was not a partisan, and at least the situation thus illustrated was, in its main lines, clear. Therefore "socialism," with its clear-cut program, not to insist on its promises of material well-being, and its axiom that the Church, like the nobility, is responsible for the actual catastrophe—sweeps the board. The need of a strong Catholic social reform is but too obvious; not for a moment do we deny that much is being done towards it, but the effort is still but "patchy," and a public opinion is far from being formed. Here, I think, America and England can do much, even though their own social conscience is but half-awakened. To our mind even one millionaire, his history taken from start to finish, creates a grave conscience-problem. Not for us to say how it should be solved: but perhaps we have done more to reflect upon it than some of our fellows. We can but say that in very many places even our Social Guild was spoken of with envy, its literature accepted, and petitions for adaptation lodged.

Extend this a little. Most of these lands have an ancient culture of which anyone might be proud. But it has contained but little "education" in the northern sense. We are not sure that it is much the worse for that. The fact remains that now these folks are determined to get just *that,* with a double result.— There are huge gaps in their intellectual grasp of their faith, and, what they are receiving is frightfully un-Catholic. On the whole, I judge the modern international cinema to be degrading. However much virtue, as in the old melodramas, may triumph, vice has a good deal to say, if not *for* itself, *about* itself, on the way.

The new international press is, too, I hold, a

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debauchery of the imagination, and an enflaming of angers. Lists of heroic Catholic instructional enterprises might be offered: but again, a literature cannot be made, let alone assimilated, in a day. One thing that Catholic firms everywhere might do, at the lowest, is to allow impoverished Catholics to translate or adapt their productions without fee. For a different reason, alluded to below, we are glad to say that the British C. T. S. is about to allow Denmark to adapt its pamphlets thus free of charge. Again, it is astounding how eagerly English-written material is sought for from Poland to Slovenia. . . The Federation of University Societies mentioned above has a system by which all manner of foreign impecunious groups are supplied with copies of our magazines, etc., free. Who knows what may not be the destiny of the new enterprise that has asked for this very article? May it be wide and lasting.

Our reasoned conviction is, that the faith is being even in appearance de-nationalized. We think that in fifty years' time all the northern countries may well be half Catholic. That is why we wish to coöperate in every way with struggling Catholic works in Scandinavia, Denmark, Germany—not to dwell on lands that are northern in the cultural sense—Australia, New Zealand, even Japan. On the other hand, had Mgr. Benson lived now, he would have chosen the traditionally Catholic lands as subjects for a new novel called A Winnowing . . .

The cleansing is indeed beginning from the Temple. Let us work might and main to prevent the Catholic minority which we foresee in many a one-time Catholic land, being *too* "minor." For that, we must put behind us once and for all the curse of nationalism, by which I mean all, yes, all, that can make us *feel* hostile to, or speak derisively or inimically of, any country whatsoever. So long as Pole speaks thus of Russia, of Prussia, or Hungarian thus of Czech or Roumanian, Austrian of Italian, English of Irish, or vice versa, none of these nations will be able to play that Catholic rôle that Catholics ought to play. Agere sequitur esse. If we don't act at all, or act *divisively,* we may well be anxious about our very being. Personal sanctity will not suffer: Our Lord startlingly said that "for them," He "sanctified Himself." Home charity will not suffer: tears of pity will wash our eyes clean for near things as for far: a heart concerned with, great enough for, Christ's kingdom, a heart such as was St. Paul's, will not be shut up from Jew, though it yearn after Gentile, and will tolerate no dividing wall.

# MR. CHAPMAN ON RELIGION

By J. SCOTT MACNUTT

MR. John Jay Chapman's recent open letter to Bishop Lawrence declaring that the Catholic Church had openly avowed its intention to control American education, has called attention to the fact that this is not the first time that Mr. Chapman has expressed his concern over what seems to him to be the menace of Catholicism. In 1906 he published a book, Notes on Religion, which elicited an interesting essay from the pen of Mr. George Santayana in The New Republic of January 15, 1916. The views expressed at the time by both these writers, with their forcible re-expression now by Mr. Chapman, are well worth consideration by all those interested in the many problems connected with the social significance of the Catholic Church. The recognized ability and literary effectiveness of Mr. Chapman and Mr. Santayana give additional importance to their views.

Both speak with authority: Mr. Santayana draws upon a familiar knowledge of the history of mysticism and religions, while Mr. Chapman, in his severest strictures on the Church, says—"I am not defaming it; I am stating what it states," and insures force and a fair hearing for his argument by addressing it not only to the Protestant but also to the Catholic layman, whom he would arouse to the situation.

The keynote of discussion has been admirably struck by Mr. Chapman in his statement—"The problem of America—the problem for the leaders of thought in America today, is to get this subject opened up, upon clear lines, without passion." This is an invitation which cannot be resisted by either part of his dual audience. It remains, however, to be questioned whether the author has succeeded in approaching his own ideal.

To the Catholic layman whose attention Mr. Chapman invites, the fabric of his argument appears clearly divisible into two separate materials. Its warp is a certain individualistic view of religion which condemns "the authority of the Church, her right to intervene between the individual soul and God"—a question which is fairly open to debate between men of different minds. But interwoven with this is a many-stranded weft the pattern of which is the iniquitous operations of the Church in her exercise of that intervention. It is in his elaborations upon this fundamental misconception that Mr. Chapman is led into statements which must appear to Catholics as creations of his imagination. He is, as Mr. Santayana remarks, "at sea in the subject. He tries occasionally to be fair and then suddenly sees red." But this last sentence hardly does justice to many of Mr. Chapman's keen thrusts, in the deliverance of which he is quite as much in control of himself as in his tranquil preliminaries. The truth is that, in his objection to a religious body which exists

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in defiance of his own view as to the relation of the individual soul to God, he can consider such a body only as a perversion for which it is his duty to supply a raison d'être and an explanation. Logically he brings, from sources which he conceives to exist in the Church itself, evidence to support his case. This, in any hearing, the Catholic is ready to meet in the spirit of the foreword.

It is certain that the doctrine and authentic statements of the Church, rightly understood, will not carry Mr. Chapman very far. It is not from that origin that the burden of his tale is drawn. Another source, far different, must be sought. This source is a system of misconception of the Church which is quite as traditional as anything in her own doctrine.

If a person quotes the "secret oaths" of Jesuits and the decrees of ecumenical councils which never met, he is credited by no well-informed hearer. Tom Paine, with a few unfortunate exceptions, is no longer read without a smile. The active system of misconception today is a further development of anti-Catholic tradition—a kind of "higher criticism" which does not jar upon the most intellectual. It is impossible to count the errors into which even the best-meaning critics of the Catholic Church are led by this tradition, which, from a few points of contact with admitted historic abuses, builds up a whole mass of deplorable misunderstanding. To the Catholic such abuses as history truly records are the scandals humanly incident to the application of even a divine principle, but controversialists have used them to prove the non-existence of the principle itself. Such a method of controversy would condemn a republican constitution because of the sporadic undemocratic practices which might exist under it, although these were forbidden and on the whole effectively checked by that very constitution.

The real danger today does not lie in any Catholic principle. It does lie in the persistence of this false tradition in the minds of those who can treat it as earnestly—with individual freshness and distinction—as has the author of Notes on Religion. The danger is all the more serious in that these persons, while they may expand and embellish the tradition, are in no wise responsible for its origin. It comes to them naturally and unconsciously, and their acceptance of it involves oblivion to the fact that they have a real responsibility —that of going, in the modern spirit of scientific truth, to authentic sources. Historians of a generation or so ago dealt in accumulated commentaries; modern historians go to original documents. But in the present state of religious discussion it has been forgotten that there are either root-sources or authoritative statements of living doctrine.

What is needed, as Mr. Chapman says, is "clear thought and benevolence; because our real enemy is not religion. The real enemy is confused thought and bitter feeling." And today's confused thought is the direct heritage of the bitter feeling of yesterday, now repudiated by truth-seeking men. The embarrassment of that heritage is to be seen in many quarters. Out of the confusion Mr. Chapman stands distinctively as having seized a few colossal fragments; with these he has constructed a revelation which, granted its premises, is not illogical. One understands why, as an impartial historian, he now throws a shaft of illumination on some aspect of the Church; then, as an unconscious follower of his tradition, gropes in the dark after some flickering illusion. It is only the sway of such a tradition which can cause intelligent readers of political and religious history to apply to the twentieth century conclusions which they have drawn from the tenth, without even noticing that the times have changed. The unreality of their grip causes them to live more and more in the region of speculation.

The pity is that those, who, four centuries ago, sailed in protest from the coasts of Catholicism, took with them no maps of the fatherland. To them, landed on distant shores, that Catholic country grew dim. To their children, generations after, it has survived as an ancient legend, originated in bitter controversy, highly colored, through those centuries, by zeal for convincing, dramatic truth. If this is the true picture of that ancient, corrupt, and ruined land, small wonder that every honest man abhors it! But, more than that, he fears it. Nothing, in the experience of the race, is feared as is an unknown land and people; not the blankly, totally unknown, but that dark, mysterious region from which sinister rumors come. Popular animosities among the nations are fostered, not by true intercourse, but by the false tales of the traveler and the prejudiced information of the diplomat. What is alien is easily thought monstrous.

Just as mariners of old filled the unknown hinterland of their charts with serpents, dragons, and chimeras, so do some modern writers people Catholicism. Many would swear that they had seen these things. The particular monster which, looming out of obscurity, has most terrified Mr. Chapman, is Authority: its offspring are such sub-monsters as secret organization, the temporal power of the hierarchy, the priest in politics, suppression of science, extinction of education, obliteration of the individual, and certain dogmas and historic abuses. Mr. Santayana is less easily harrowed, for he, too, sails by a chart well infested with terrors.

Now it is quite proper to argue, in right focus, the question of authority in religion. But ecclesiastical power, in Mr. Chapman's view, engulfs everything. It covers "every circumstance touching body or soul, whether in this world or in the next." It makes no distinctions between temporal and spiritual authority. Religion in the essence gives off no fragrance in its stifling atmosphere. That freedom to holiness which has been exemplified by countless saints—the ordinary liberty to spiritually rational life of the common Catholic—shrinks to empty nothingness. That the critic has been fatally fascinated by one all-pervasive idea is

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but too evident. In the ramifications of it his imagination fairly runs riot. His description, for instance, of the plottings of the clergy in Madison Avenue "reads like a novel." But then, as Mr. Santayana dispassionately comments, "distance makes them romantic to him."

But if Mr. Chapman has himself pointed out the true danger, he has also suggested the practical remedy. "Anyone," he says, who wishes to acquire a right feeling about the Roman religion ought to grow familiar with the Catholicism which prevailed when all the world was Catholic." And again, the Church "is the greatest historic residuum in the world, the most perfect piece of the past, and it gives us a more accurate measure for judging of the past than any extant institution." The still simpler procedure would be to grow familiar with the Catholicism which prevails today. Since it is a frequent and not unfounded charge against the Catholic Church that she never changes, one might, for hypothetical purposes, avoid a weary amount of historical research at the outset.

The difficulty is that in certain intellectual and social regions the Church has been driven again into the catacombs. There she is spoken of as dying: she is discussed as history, as a species of mysticism, as a "variety of religious experience," as a remarkable piece of human mechanism—but never as a living religious organism. The saints have become the tradition of a tradition, the early fathers a mirage of ghosts. Controversy plays upon principles which exist only in speculation, never upon the catechism, which exists in fresh print. The Church is accused of having kept the Bible from the people, but a large section of modern society has quite obviously kept all the rest of her lore from itself. The Church was once hanged in effigy and men have forgotten that a real person continued to live.

This is a time of alarms. Tense electric waves of religious consciousness are accumulating in distraught Europe, to agitate with their vibrations, if it be receptive, the ether of America. Their flashes already play about the subject of Mr. Chapman's paper. Others than he will speak. But whatever the creed or philosophy of each, the only thing that matters is the understanding of man for man. The prior question is—Will the subject be "opened up upon clear lines, without passion? Will the understanding, though perhaps in effect, a disagreement, still be an understanding?" Or will "confused thought and bitter feeling" disastrously "put the extremists in power" in the divided camps of controversy? To expect that all men shall divest themselves of preconceptions is perhaps too much. Regions of obscurity and suspicion will be encountered. Sentries have been known to shoot at waving bushes, and troops in the confusion of darkness have fired on their own allies. But men can be forewarned and tragedies avoided.

# THE PEARLS OF LA PAZ

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IN a subway train, clinging to a strap, close packed among other New York commuters riding to their offices in the morning, I read a brief despatch in my paper this morning and immediately I was three thousand miles away from New York, and its underground mass of office-bound humanity, and I was living again under the sub-tropical sun, amid the green palms and scarlet fire trees, of the Mantle of Peace—to give the literal translation of the name of that little city in the Gulf of California, which was recalled by the newspaper despatch. It read as follows:

> Laredo, Tex.—According to an official report issued by The Minister of Commerce, Industry and Labor, of the Mexican Government, Jorge von Forstal, a veteran pearl fisher of lower California, has found a seventeen and one-half karat pearl valued at 17,000 pesos ($8,500.) Pearl fishing in the southern portion of lower California, about the Port of La Paz, which has been dormant for some time, has boomed as a result.

In my necktie I happened to be wearing a pearl which came from La Paz, and which is connected with a story of the pearl fisheries of the Gulf of California not unworthy to be added, at least as a foot-note, to the chronicle of stories and legends of the pearl which have gathered about the strange little city of La Paz during the centuries since Cortez first landed there, in quest of the gems of the sea, seventy-five years before the settlement of Jamestown. Ever since that time La Paz has been the centre of the pearling industry of the Gulf which once bore Cortez's name, from the waters of which pearls worth millions of dollars have been gathered. In the Bay of La Paz, in the cove some five or six miles from the city at the end of the bay, called Pichilingue Cove (where the United States Navy now maintains a coaling station) the pirates once foregathered who used to prey upon the galleons laden with gold, pearls, and other treasures of South America and Mexico as they plied between Acapulco and Manila.

I entered the Bay of La Paz in July, 1914, a newspaper correspondent on board the U. S. S. California, the flagship of the Pacific squadron then in Mexican waters, at the time of the landing in Vera Cruz. The revolution, up to July of that year, was confined to the mainland of Mexico and had not yet touched Baja California, which is separated from Sonora by the Gulf of California, the upper waters of which, above Guaymas, with the lands adjoining them, are among

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the least known and unfamiliar regions of the world.

To Pichilingue Bay Admiral Howard had despatched a number of his ships so that the men could rest and divert themselves as a relief from the monotony and the frightful moist heat of their dull work of patrolling the Sonora coast. Every day while the fleet lay in Pichilingue Bay it was my daily habit to go to La Paz, four or five miles distant, with one of the launches that would be despatched there for fruit and other provisions, and many times I spent the whole day in the quaint little pearling city. Among the acquaintances I formed were two of special interest. One was an Italian priest at the principal church of La Paz, who was also the Vicar Apostolic of the whole of Baja California, all of which he had traversed several times, on mule back, after the manner of the Jesuits and Franciscan friars who first built the missions of Baja California, hundreds of years ago. The other was a French pearl merchant, Señor Gaston Vives. I had heard about the latter while in Mazatlan, where I had been told that he was conducting an experiment of great scientific interest, which also promised to be of high commercial value if it should succeed, for he was engaged in an effort to replenish the almost exhausted pearl beds of the Gulf of California by a system of artificial propagation of the pearl oyster.

It was Hernando Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, who was the discoverer of lower California and of its pearls. He had heard rumors of the rich pearl beds of the almost mythical north of Mexico—where the novelist Montalvo had set the location of the Earthly Paradise and named it California, after its imaginary queen, Califia, from which novel the name of California has been derived. In May, 1535, his second expedition landed in the bay which is supposed to be identical with Bahia de la Paz, the Bay of Peace, in which is the little city of La Paz. Cortez remained there a year, until sickness and starvation depleted his forces. The pearls they sought lay in the waters surrounding them but this they did not know, as the Indians had been driven off by fear of the Spaniards and there was nobody to dive for the vast wealth which they had come so far to seek and which it was not their fate to find. Cortez finally abandoned the attempt, and a little later he returned disheartened to Spain. La Paz lay unvisited by the Spaniard until the coming of Sebastian Vizcaino, who established a colony at La Paz in 1596. It was then that the place was given the name which it has retained ever since, it having been adopted for the little settlement because of the peaceful ways in which the natives greeted the latest arrivals, who were led to treat them kindly through the influence of the Franciscan missionaries who accompanied the expedition. But this peace was broken, as the chronicler relates, because one of the soldiers became so infatuated with a pearl which an Indian girl, the daughter of a chief, wore in a necklace that one day he tore it from her. This action enraged the Indians; fighting broke out, and the Spaniards were finally obliged to abandon La Paz; and so, remarks the chronicler Vetancort, "on account of one pearl the whole treasure was lost." Later on, however, La Paz was again occupied and ever since it has been the chief post of the pearling industry in the Gulf of California, where a large part of the colored pearls of the world, grey, black, peacock green, have been found.

Pearls, according to science, "are calcareous concretions of peculiar lustre, produced by certain molluscs, and valued as objects of personal ornament." According to poetry, which long before science was born, arrayed itself with images reflecting the beauty of this gem, pearls are the tears of angels, or of lovely women lamenting their lost lovers, or of water nymphs weeping because of their longing for human souls; or else, according to other antique legends, pearls are perfect dewdrops, or globules of purest rain, which, falling into the sea, have been transformed. Science, unmoved by such mystical ideas, says that pearls are merely pathological products. A particle of irritating foreign substance, a grain of sand, perhaps, or a piece of broken shell, or a microscopically minute living creature, a parasite, finds its way into the interior of the mollusc, which, it it can not eject the intruding object, gradually covers it with layer after layer of a secretion that hardens and finally becomes a pearl—a fact which gives partial truth to the clever phrase of the French scientist who wrote that "the most beautiful pearl is only the sarcophagus of a worm." But poets and sages have drawn from this very fact the other and more luminous truth which has been expressed in many forms in the myths and literature of nearly all races from the dawn of history—for they point out that out of pain and disorder comes the radiant gem which is universally symbolical of all that is pure and beautiful. Even although pearls may not be so costly as other gems they have been in all times preferred because of their manifold associations with thoughts, emotions and aspirations which are dear to the hearts of mankind.

An ancient mystical writer thus states his view of the pearl:

"Forasmuch as the pearl is a product of life, which from an inward trouble and from a fault produces purity and protection, it is to be preferred: for in nothing does God so much delight as in tenderness and lustre born of trouble and repentance."

The propagation of edible oysters has been successfully accomplished for a long period but all efforts to achieve the same results with the pearl-bearing oyster have been failures. The solution of the problem has been sought by scientists and by the pearl interests of the whole world. Gaston Vives believed he had solved it. He had worked at it for many years. His efforts attracted scientific attention in Europe and the United States. There is respectful mention of his work in the authoritative Book of the Pearl by George Henry

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Kunz and Charles Hugh Stevenson. On two islands in the Bay of La Paz he had established stations for the propagation of the pearl oyster, and in 1914 some of the oysters had come to maturity, producing pearls of considerable size. He was planning to reap the great harvest of his life-long effort that very autumn. I visited his big rambling house near the water many times, and he told me of his work and his hopes that it would culminate successfully, so that it would be recognized by the Mexican government, and he would have its protection and support in bringing back the prosperity and glory of the Gulf of California as one of the world's principal pearl producing waters.

But there came a tragic end to his work. At dawn one morning, the city was suddenly assaulted by a band of revolutionists who had crossed over by night from the Mexican mainland, stolen through the desert sands surrounding the city, and rushed its small garrison, which it almost wiped out. This body of revolutionists was lead by several pearl merchants of La Paz who had long been Vives's rivals, and who had sought to wrest from him the secret of his method. Knowing also that he and other pearl merchants who had remained loyal to the federal government had rich treasures of pearls stored in their safes, because the disturbed conditions of the country had forbidden the annual visits of the buyers from Paris for nearly two years, they also wished to loot this portable wealth. Vives and two or three others of these merchants escaped from the city, five minutes ahead of their enemies, in a small launch which brought them out to the American ships at Pichilingue Cove. Ten minutes before that time, Vives was the wealthiest and most influential man in Baja California. Until he succeeded in reaching the American flagship, rifles potting at him from the shore, his life was not worth thirty cents, Mexican, and a bag full of pearls which he succeeded in snatching out of his safe as he fled was all that was left to him of his great possessions.

It was not ordinary politics, not the driving power of revolutionary ideas, which was responsible for the little yet bloody battle of La Paz, although these ideas were the ones which the leaders of the attacking party ostentatiously proclaimed. In reality it was the destructive power of avarice and envy which brought on that episode, after which there were many desolate widows and fatherless children weeping in the bullet-riddled little city, or dragging themselves to pray for the souls of their dead into the little Church of Our Lady of Peace.

Through the high altar of that church—which stands in the main plaza, opposite the governor's mansion, where the hardest fighting occurred—some of the shots went crashing. Men seeking sanctuary in the sacred place were dragged out and shot—one of them being a boy, the son of the sexton—a boy who was only a non-commissioned officer, and who was shot after he had surrendered. And one of the bullets of that evil battle shattered the ruby lamp whose tongue of flame silently spoke of that God who came upon this earth to bid men love each other, and to follow Him, the Prince of Peace.

"This is not war, no! It is murder. It is fratricide!" cried Father Rossi, as he told me about the horrors he had witnessed, and showed me the havoc made by the battle. Father Rossi was threatened because the fugitives hid in his church. "Would you have me denounce them when they took shelter?" he indignantly asked the revolutionary officer. "That I will never do. You may kill me first." Through his influence with the new commander, the Vicar Apostolic had a large share in preventing the reign of terror which seemed imminent after the fall of the city.

Vives could not venture ashore again, because it was his most bitter personal enemy, a rival merchant in pearls, and also an expert trafficker in revolutions and conspiracies, who had entered La Paz at the head of 600 Yaqui Indians who captured it. And in his pocket this man carried a commission from Carranza appointing him the Constitutional Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the Southern District of Baja California, of which La Paz is the capital.

A few months before this he had been forced to flee from La Paz in order to avoid arrest, in company with a number of fellow revolutionists against the federal government. These men returned with him in his hour of power. And he and they declared that Vives was the man who had denounced them as conspirators. Vives said that he knew nothing about the matter until it was all over, being in Mexico City at the time and out of communication with La Paz. But the revolutionist found the charge just what he wanted in order to triumph over his rival. And so he had come back to La Paz as its conqueror and ruler and Vives was the exiled fugitive in his place.

A few days later, as the U. S. S. California steamed out of La Paz Bay, Señor Vives stood at the rail and watched through his tears the revolutionists at work dragging up his pearl oysters. He went with us to San Francisco when the fleet was recalled a little later on, at the outbreak of the European war. He gave me some of his pearls as a token of appreciation for what he considered my efforts to help him in his misfortunes, and told me that he meant to go to Mexico City, as soon as he could safely do so, and try to regain possession of his charter and his property in La Paz. If successful, he meant to attempt his great pearl experiment all over again. I never heard of or from him again. The wreckage of revolutions is rarely restored. But I hope that for that patient, gentle searcher after the secret of the pearl, the words of Shakespeare came true at last:

> The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
> Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
> Advantaging their loan with interest,
> Often times double gain of happiness.

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# POEMS

## *Troubadours*

Tell me, sweet Virgin, were they troubadours,
The ox, the ass which at the manger stood?
Surely they never sang on palace floors,
These clumsy glee men of the neighborhood.

Or were they rather quaint militia men
Who mounted guard to keep thy Child from harm?
Look how they lost their martial manner when
The Child towards His mother reached his arm.

Nay, but they must be senators of state,
They stand so wise, they entertain a King.
They give advice. And from their eye sedate
Rolls a great tear. What precious counselling!

They were not mariners, and yet the deep
Ne'er saw such look-out as they kept till morn.
Astronomers, they could not fall asleep
Over the day star in their manger born.

O Virgin, who were they, this ox, this ass?
O Little Child, who could these masquers be?
Their breath gave double sweetness to the grass.
Their eyes were deep as ocean depths to Thee.

DANIEL SARGENT.

## *Trop Tard*

"Why have you failed to keep
Our rendezvous?
Long have I lingered here
Awaiting you.
When you passed yesterday
I bade you not to stay—
When next you came my way
Would do."

" 'Next time would do,' indeed!
How uselessly
You stamp your dainty foot
And wait for me.
Your pouting is in vain—
Quite silly to complain;
Love never comes again!
You see?"

FRANCES BOAL.

## *Thunder at Night*

Circling, the thunder rolls across the night;
Hovers above unsupple chiselled roof-tops, loop on loop.
All sleeping creatures stir, aware of blight,
Of some coiled threatening that nears . . .
The thunder hawk wings, circling, through dim fears
Above the little sleeping chicken-coop.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

## *To a Poet Hesitating*

Out of song comes silence—
Out of silence, bliss;
When thy song is over,
Hearken, breathless lover,
Hearken unto this:
Love is ever speechless waiting
In the soft eyes hesitating
'Twixt a frown and kiss.
So is silence unto singing
As the nest unto the winging.
Sweet beyond all eloquence
Is the solace that comes after
Love's decisive song;
Spills the cup of joy in laughter;
Here is rapture more intense
Than what music can prolong.
Wouldst thou in thy singing, poet,
Love's reward not miss?
Cease thy prelude, then, and know it
Silent in a kiss.

THOMAS WALSH.

## *Snow-Vista*

Along the vast, inviolate line of firs,
Where frisking feet of lynx and dog-wolf go,
Never a lean-shanked wild-cat comes, but purrs
In rhythm with the notes of falling snow,
And for a space grows tame; shrewd, lifted ears
Of fox and rabbit posting through the night,
Forget their work, as, pausing in delight,
Furred creatures feed on song, though danger nears.

At dawn when low moons fade, the broad flakes run
To build snug homes for them against the wind;
For God has many a subtle way and kind
To guard His broods from death by cold or gun.
A black bear's crippled cub—a doe gone blind—
He knows them all, and watches every one.

J. CORSON MILLER.

## *Disguises*

They masked me like a human child when I was very young:
Bodice lacing strait and high, long cloak flung;

They taught me how to pace and praise, how to sit and smile,
Though I irked for otherwhere all the while—

*(Thick my hood and cloak are—you shall see no stir*
*Of furry horns quivering or green wings awhir. . .)*

Out from their stiff-planted ring I hear the clumsy mirth
Of those who mask for elfinhood as I am masked for earth;

They have hired their starred wands from a costumer's pile—
Over my knitting-work I watch them and smile. . .

*(But never my own country, wild dancers among!*
*They masked me like a human child when I was too young!)*

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

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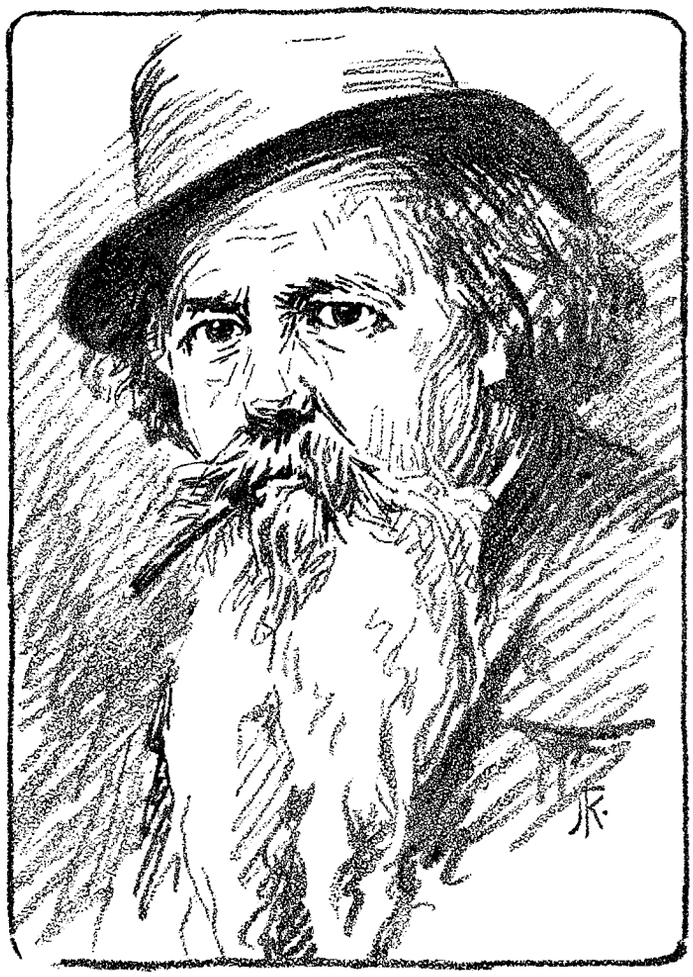
# THE RETURN OF HERMANN BAHR

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

*Selbstbildnis, by Hermann Bahr. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.*

KEEPING track of the wide world is now the only way to know oneself. Has it really been only thirty years since the Chicago World's Fair struck people as a series of marvels and mysteries drawn from strange places undreamed of? Well, Lenin has forced Russia upon the most unwilling of us; France has moved just across the street; and perhaps Mussolini's chief title to fame may be his extraordinary advertising of Italian geography and politics. And so the inner record of European thought and experience during the last half-century is meat and drink to those who wish to see what our common civilization has been or is likely to become. To this record a substantial addition has been made by Hermann Bahr's Selbstbildnis. It is autobiography, of course, but manages by the force of circumstances to become almost unconsciously epic.



HERMANN BAHR

Bahr is fairly well known.* Though generally looked upon as a spokesman of Vienna, or rather of young Vienna perhaps, he has usually managed to stand just a little in advance of whatever movements in literature proved characteristic of modern Germany as a whole. No man's plays exhibit better the various shades of naturalistic drama, and it would be difficult to find a novelist who reflects more sensitively the changing aspects of continental fiction. Then too, Bahr has talked lucidly—it is so seldom that a thoroughly up-to-date critic can be called lucid!—about "impressionism," "expressionism," and similar matters, so that his miscellaneous writings are almost an index to theories expressed in recent art. America has not been deaf to echoes of this varied work, although it is still quite possible to introduce Hermann Bahr.

The present book is therefore first of all an agreeable chat about movements and people of some artistic importance. Bahr has been a natural traveler who picked his way into Berlin as a revolutionary young man; who learned the "sense of form" in Paris; who skirted the edges of Spanish tradition and culture; who saw what was going on in St. Petersburg; who dreamed away months among the stones of Rome; and who returned finally to that Austria which in the end was to be the more passionately beloved by him because it had become only a name. Meanwhile names are thick and sparkling on the pages of the book. Barrés, Huysmans, and Gautier rise momentarily from the Paris which they helped to provide with conversation; German poets and artists are present in throngs; there is even a vivid anecdote of Duse's rise to fame. Everything, people and places is dwelt upon with the fine sympathy of a man who has learned how to know the world without blurring the outlines of his home. Besides this packed and strangely vivid book, the average volume of memoirs reads very much like Cranford.

There is also a wealth of reflection on men and books. Bahr's summaries of the differences between the German and the Frenchman are keenly and strikingly put. Baudelaire is grasped as aptly as Goethe. Nor have many known how to discuss Dostoievski more penetratingly—it would be possible to cull from this book brief passages that might congeal into a fine

* *The Master was produced in New York during 1910; The Concert followed successfully in 1916. Both of these plays may be read in translation. Himmelfahrt, a novel, is widely known in this country but has not been put into English. The interdict upon all things German which followed the war has probably been responsible for the obscurity into which Bahr has latterly fallen.*

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running comment on the great Russian. Such a thought as the following proves Bahr's discipleship.

> Everything that lives, every form, every being, has for me so much of charm that I can hardly bring myself to ask eventually what it is worth and whether after all it may not be harmful or even vile. There is no creature however hideous, no beast however repulsive, upon which one will fail to see, after looking closely, some stray final gleam of beauty. It seems to me that with exiled Adam a merciful reflection of Paradise must have found its way into the fallen world. We do not look at one another closely enough, or we should all be in love one with the other.

This profession of faith in charity may be an explanation of why its author's thoughts run frequently to books which must be repudiated or to men whose lasting achievements were their sins.

But Selbstbildnis, which tells its story with the constant flavor of letters and is never far from art, gains interest primarily from the narrative of personal development which it unfolds. We have seen that Bahr has been not only a European but also a very modern and radical European. Indeed, neither the thought of Kant nor the economics of Marx nor the naturalism of Emile Zola failed to interest him. To some extent he was the promoter and apostle of these things. No idea to which the unsettled minds of recent Europe turned for strength and satisfaction quite passed him by. He was like a pool of water, which all movements and philosophies tinted with their glow.

That this pool should in the end prove solidly and unchangeably Catholic is the spiritual adventure—almost the miracle—to which Selbstbildnis testifies. How could a master among dishevelled modern souls—those lauded for our benefit, for instance, so breezily and decisively by such critics as Dr. Lewisohn—come back in the end to the faith ecclesiae sancti Dei and hold it with the fervor of a child? Convert narratives are always interesting because they cannot avoid being dramatic. This one is unusual, however, because it is a conclusion drawn from everything modern culture had to offer—almost, it might be said, from everything Europe has experienced. It has come out of the depths from which we feel that western civilization must rise if it is not to perish utterly and forever.

Bahr tells the story piecemeal, a shred here and there between the layers of his life, so that it may not seem to have happened suddenly, as in the case of Claudel who leaned against the cathedral pillar and believed. No. The Bahr household had been Catholic, though very liberal in the sense of a point of view described thus—

> Liberalism rests upon the assumption that the nature of man is identical with the moral law. It believes that if man is once wholly free and at the disposition of the instincts of his own rational nature, he cannot do anything that is other than good; only because he was a slave did man learn to misunderstand his nature and forcibly misconstrue its faculties. Just as soon as he breaks the chains of convention, his true nature will burst forth once again, irrepressibly good.

In this fashion was the French Revolution reflected in Austria as it had been elsewhere: progress would come when freedom did, the future would be king when the past was dead in its grave.

There can be no doubt that the chaos of modern thought, with the break-up of Catholic society which preceded it, is due almost entirely to belief in the principle that human nature is capable of perfection by the very fact that it is human. Bahr's account of how Austria was liberalized is of interest—

> So strongly and directly alive was the inheritance of centuries of Benedictine education in them [the professors who since 1860 have ruled Austria intellectually and have renounced their ancestral faith], so completely did religious discipline hold sway over every affectation, so wholly had obedience to the moral law become a second nature with them, that this heritage of century-old ethical training, this product of immemorial Benedictine culture, this second nature put on slowly by succeeding generations, could be quite unconsciously mistaken for human nature. Only in countries with a very old Catholic civilization could there take place this confusion of a spiritual culture earned by the daily practice of a thousand years, constantly threatened by original sin, and just as constantly redeemed by newly acquired grace, with human nature. Only in such countries could the folly be believed that man, who as Kant says is in the order of things evil, may be termed good!

Yet it was in this Austria, Catholic still in name though sick unto death with modernism, reliance upon a political bureaucracy, and contented renouncement of its historic past, that Bahr grew through boyhood. At Salzburg he met the teacher whose influence was never totally to fade. "Julius Steger, a priest and professor, taught me not only Greek, but how to live." Indeed, for young Bahr, Greek itself became a manner of mortality. "Whoever," he tells us rather mystifyingly, "looks deeply enough into the eyes of the antique world, will suddenly find Our Lord Jesus looking at him through it." Both this and the older faith passed, however. Nothing remained but the desire to live, to laugh, to learn. One desperate adventure led to another; one cause was flung into the ash heap for the sake of a second, more flamingly new. Bahr was ostracized from his country because of radical views; his voice was raised on behalf of dreamy, materialistic social schemes; and he began to write widely, often malodorously.

Then came Paris and the search for art. Remarkably enough, Bahr attributes the first step in his reform to Zola's epigram, "a phrase well made is a good deed." This led first of all to a revaluation of naturalism in art and then to a search for the beautiful. He puts the matter thoughtfully—

> A sense of quality stirred in me, of that quality which was independent of my whims: it was self-sufficient and

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had no need of relationships with me nor did it ask for my consent or that of others; it rested in itself, obedient to its own laws, indefinable by us but laying bounds to itself. Now for the first time I felt again that there was a Power over me, and I knew that towards that Power a human being could conduct himself only as a servant. For simultaneously with the idea of quality and my growing concern with it, there appeared a set of standards: the meaning of worth and worthlessness came home to me, and seemed something ordained for me to follow—something that paid no attention to my notions but presided by reason of its own majesty. A ladder was immoveably present: transitory appearances gave way to form, change was halted, and permanence was manifest to me, almost within the reach of my hand—permanence unmoved by time and bringing to me in the midst of the stream of flitting things a pledge of the eternal. Now for the first time my life had a meaning, and dwelt in the morning glow of a way to live.

Twenty years more were required for the work of regeneration to reach completion. They were years in which he followed Baudelaire, who said in his artist's manner—Le soif insatiable de tout ce qui est au delà et que voile la vie, est la preuve la plus vivante de notre immortalité. Then in the end there was nearness to death, and a sharp phrase of Nietzsche's. "Finally the awful aspect of the long suffering mercy of God brought me to my knees," says Bahr. The details of the conversion are not worked out for us to see and enumerate. Perhaps the reader may therefore object that the conclusion drawn from Zola's phrase was somewhat abrupt and bizarre, nor does it seem that our author is even yet quite as thoroughly cleansed of Zola as he might desirably be.

Likewise there is mingled with the earnestness of a concluding summary of his religious experience Bahr's inclination to paradox—

Before the eruption of that ghastly malady of the spirit which is known as rationalism, no man would have hit upon the bottomless idea that he could drink through his fingertips. Kant is the physician who has cured the western world of such a malady. I had been trained too thoroughly in Kant from my boyhood to dream of pulling my own head out of the swamp. My vehement craving for authority, without which beauty, goodness and truth, so essentially necessary to my life, must remain unattainable, could not be satisfied with purely human theories . . . The mere historical circumstance that God once appeared on earth and died for us was also unable to aid me, so long as He simply left me alone. I was only then to be rescued when He Himself should lift me up, give Himself to me, and make me certain that gradually I would lessen my attachment to myself and strengthen my love for Him . . .

Of all the religions which I know, only the Catholic Church offers this assurance. The others do not even dare to propose it. Then too, my spirit is much too proud for obedience to a church which in any way grants that salvation might possibly be found without its assistance. If a church admits to me that I might perhaps be able to get along without it, my self confidence would never permit me to refrain from the attempt to experiment. Only the church extra quam nulla salus is at all worth a trial. If one can reach the goal otherwise, why the added complication? A church which regards itself, so to speak, as one among many variants of a lost text, can offer me no certitude; and of uncertainties I have quite enough of my own.

Since then Bahr has tested his faith, realizing meanwhile "that I had always been, in my deepest heart . . . whenever I was really in touch with what I really was, a Catholic." His is a very human, a very gripping record. To have swum through the welter of modernity to the rock of Catholic tradition; to have found there the citadel by which the destiny of man, in his social no less than in his individual aspects, is guarded; and to have bent the knee while many scoffed —that is a career which Americans, who are handed so many faded flowers from European gardens, really ought to know.

## CHRISTIANITY IN RUSSIA

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

WHEN listening in Judge Ford's Court on Armistice Day to the arguments for and against the handing over of Russian Church property in America to Father Kedrovsky, I could not help reflecting on the fact that the ecclesiastical "reform" movement in Russia changes almost every month. Just as the title "Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic" has now been superseded by "The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics" and the name "Leningrad" has replaced "Petrograd," so the title "Living Church" has disappeared, its place having been taken by "the Russian Orthodox Church." There are therefore two institutions in Russia called "the Orthodox Church," one with the Patriarch at its head, and one ruled by a body which calls itself "the Sacred Synod," and at the present moment it is Judge Ford's business to decide which of these two bodies has the right to appoint metropolitans in this country.

I shall try in this article to make the situation clear, even at the risk of being somewhat dry and technical.

In the first place the Patriarch Tikhon is undoubtedly the Patriarch of Russia, for he was elected by the last free Convocation that met in Russia—the Convocation of Bishops which met in Moscow on August 15, 1917. Two months earlier, that is, in June, 1917, a Great Sobor or Conclave of the Russian Church met in Moscow, being the first representative council of that church which had met for over 200 years, the last having come together in 1721, during the reign of Peter the Great. Like the Convocation of Bishops, this Great Sobor was perfectly free, perfectly canonical. It was composed of the entire hierarchy — metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, archpriests, priests, and other delegates, every two hundred parishioners being represented by two priests

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and two laymen—for in congresses of the Russian Church, the delegates are not all in holy orders—the whole number present being 1,072.

Of all the reforms carried out by this Sobor, the only one that need interest Judge Ford is that relating to the Patriarch, who is declared to be amenable for his administration to the Sobor or Great Council. In spiritual matters he must govern with the Holy Synod, and in temporal matters with the Supreme Church Council.

Since August, 1917, no canonical Sobor has been called, for "the Red Sobor" of May 2, 1923, was uncanonical, and as the "Living Church" is equally uncanonical, its appointment of Father Kedrovsky to the see of New York is ultra vires.

Why do I say that "the Red Sobor" of May 2 was uncanonical? For a hundred reasons, of which I shall try to indicate a few. It did not call itself a "Sobor:" it called itself a "Local Church Council," but it was not even that—it was a collection of priests and laymen without any ecclesiastical power whatever. These priests and laymen had not been convoked by proper authority. They had been called together by a group of insubordinate priests who called themselves "the Living Church," but who were not and are not a church at all, who are not and are not an administrative organ in the Orthodox Church. Moreover, the assembly was, to a disgraceful extent, "packed," priests and bishops antagonistic to the "Living Church" being kept out of it, and only priests who had identified themselves with the reformers being admitted.

This assembly was a grotesque caricature of a church congress. It had no more ecclesiastical jurisdiction than the conclave of actors in Dominican habits who fill the stage in the second last act of Bernard Shaw's St. Joan. It was a mock convocation whose proceedings were a shameful parody on religion, almost as shameful a parody as the blasphemous anti-Christmas processions which I saw myself in the streets of Moscow two years ago, processions in which bogus monks pronounced bogus benedictions on jeering gangs of atheists. The language wherein the members of this sham synod indulged was absolutely un-Christian, even anti-Christian. Vvedensky, a leading figure at this congress, proposed a resolution of thanks to the All-Russian Executive Committee and to Lenin, "the tribune of social truth." "We must bear witness before the world," he said, "the political truth exists only in Soviet Russia. I do not blaspheme: I feel that at this moment Christ is with us." Another resolution declared that "the Soviet government is not a persecutor of the Church, but on the contrary, it is the only government in the world that aims at establishing the ideal kingdom of God." In face of the persecution the Church was undergoing at that very moment, and of the repeated repudiation of religion by all the Soviet leaders and by all their organs in the press, such language as this is monstrous.

The point is, however, that this "synod," being an uncanonical assembly, had no right to unfrock the Patriarch, who is still, therefore, the head of the Russian Church. He is assisted by a synod, "the Holy Synod," it is called, which last met, so far as I am aware, on May 21, in the Donskoi monastery on which occasion it passed a number of resolutions. It consists of four metropolitans, five archbishops, and one bishop. There also functions, under the Patriarch's direction, a Supreme Church Council composed of twelve prelates and four laymen. The "Living Church" is ruled by what is called "the Sacred Synod" presided over by the Metropolitan Evdokim, but this synod is clearly uncanonical. It does not represent the Russian Church, and it cannot, therefore, make valid ecclesiastical appointments in America or elsewhere. Moreover, several of its members are reported to have made their submission to the Patriarch; and the whole New Church organization is short of money. At the time of the English Reformation, the reformed clergy were kept alive by the transfer to them of the properties whereon their Catholic predecessors had lived, but no such transfer has taken place in the present instance. The Soviet government nationalized everything, leaving the clergy to be supported by the Faithful. Well, it is a fact of which I have personal knowledge, that the only Orthodox clergy in Russia who are being supported by the laity are the clergy who take their orders from Patriarch Tikhon. Those who take their orders from the organization which formerly called itself "the Living Church," get no support from the laity, and their churches are only frequented by ignorant people who come there without knowing that any change has taken place.

At one time I was under the impression that the Living Church would dominate all Russia, but that was at a time when that church had just been started and one could only guess what would happen to it. Having watched it for the last six months, I now see that it is being starved by lack of financial support either from the Soviet government or from Orthodox Russians. This does not mean, unfortunately, that the Orthodox Church is saved: far from it. Disintegration is going on at a great rate, and the death of the Patriarch may mean a complete collapse. But it will not mean the triumph of "the Living Church."

## NEW CONTRIBUTORS

C. C. Martindale is a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, and the author of The Waters of Twilight and The Household of God.

J. Scott MacNutt is a well known artist of St. Louis.

Daniel Sargent, critic and poet, is the author of Our Gleaming Days and The Road to Welles-Perennes.

Frances Boal belongs to the younger school of southern poets.

J. Corson Miller is the author of a book of poems, Veils of Samite.

Margaret Widdemer, novelist and poet, is the author of The Old Road to Paradise and The Graven Image.

George Shuster, formerly of the English Department of Notre Dame University is now a member of the faculty of Columbia University. He is author of The Catholic Spirit in English Literature.

Francis McCullagh is a distinguished foreign correspondent and the author of The Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity.

Henry Jones Ford, editor and lecturer, is the author of The Rise and Growth of American Politics, and Representative Government.

Hugh Allen is a contributor of fiction and criticism to the magazines.

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# THE IMPERFECT DINNER PARTY

By HELEN WALKER

(*The drawing room of Mrs. Chase-Lyon's home in New York, discreetly East, of course. Mrs. Chase-Lyon, who is awaiting her dinner guests, has the round guileless face of a cherub, with weak blue eyes. She has tucked her rather strident red hair up under a silver turban in whose folds glistens a diamond crescent—this because her particular guest tonight is to be the Indian mystic, I-Tellem-Blah—grand bulbul of a secret school of philosophy, who has come to New York to tell the secret to Those Who Are Ready.—A maid, unable to understand his non-Christian name, announces—"Mr.—Blah."*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—I knew it was you. I felt your presence before you were announced.

I-Tellem-Blah:—Yes. You would. Tonight you belong to the East—my land—with your radiant head.

Mrs. Chase-Lyon (*uncomfortably feeling for stray wisps of hair which may have escaped the turban*):—How flattering! I should adore living in the East. Tell me about it.

I-Tellem-Blah:—Ah—we only waste time when we speak of other things than the Soul. Talk to me of your spirit. I wish to know your soul—to caress it.

Mrs. Chase-Lyon (*who is a little deaf, and not very clever at catching I.-T.-B.'s broken English*):—My what?

(*The maid announces Mr. Blair.*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—You clever, busy man! How nice of you to be so punctual. Mr. Blair, this is Mr. I-Tellem-Blah, our great Eastern mystic.

Mr. Blair:—How do you do? First visit to New York?

I-Tellem-Blah:—Yes.

Mr. Blair:—Seen the Stock Exchange?

I.-T.-B.:—No.

Mr. Blair:—The Woolworth Building?

I.-T.-B.:—No.

Mr. Blair (*thinking hard*):—The Zoo?

I.-T.-B.:—No. My hungry pupils suffice.

Mr. Blair (*uncomfortably*):—I see.

(*The maid announces Miss Chatterson.*)

Miss Chatterson:—So sweet of you to ask me, Mrs. Chase-Lyon.

(*Mrs. Chase-Lyon introduces Miss Chatterson, then goes to greet Senator Folson, who has just entered with Mrs. Youngwidow. They are followed by a man and a woman—the woman, tall and blonde, is wrapped in something extraordinarily resembling a Navajo blanket.*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—Oh, how lovely! I haven't seen you two since you were married. Mrs. Youngwidow, do you know our famous playwright, Mrs. Morse—(*she is interrupted by the blonde Navajo, who says crisply—"Miss Georgette Soule, if you please!"*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—Er—ah—but weren't you two married last month?

Miss Georgette Soule:—Quite. But while I am Mr. Morse's wife, I am *not* Mrs. Morse.

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—Really! How interesting!

Miss Georgette Soule:—No—I retain the name I was born with, and, I hope, the individuality. You see I was one of the charter members of a club called The Woman Speaks—one of the basic ideas of which is that all women should keep their maiden names, married, divorced or single. Charlie is quite in sympathy with us. I shouldn't have married him if he hadn't been.

(*Charlie smiles lamely.*)

Mrs. Chase-Lyon:—But my dear—it seems to me that you *did* change your name once. I remember as a little girl you were called Joyous.

Miss Georgette Soule:—Ah—that's a different matter. My career demanded that I replace Joyous with Georgette. The press is so merciless. A play by Joyous Soule would draw no end of ridicule. Equally poor would be a play by Mrs. Charles Morse—no distinction at all.

Mrs. Youngwidow:—But really—isn't it very confusing? How is one to know—er—

Miss Georgette Soule:—Not in the least.

(*Charlie has edged away into a far corner and is talking to Miss Chatterson.*)

You see I wear no wedding ring—a sign of woman's ancient bondage—only this little-finger ring of jade is the symbol of our perfect union. Charlie has his name; I, mine; he, his apartment; I, mine; he, his freedom; I,—(*she suddenly sees Charlie in the far corner.*) Charlie! Come and tell Mrs. Youngwidow how perfectly we have arranged things.

(*At this juncture, Mr. Chase-Lyon enters inconspicuously and greets his wife's guests. The maid announces Mrs. Ernest Uplift.*)

Mrs. Youngwidow (*who has pounced upon I-Tellem-Blah, is heard saying to him in a sudden lull of conversation*):—Yes, I know I'm psychic. At night, when I lie in bed, I have the curious power of being able to stop cats fighting in the rear. I simply say over and over to myself, gently, firmly—"Go away.—Peace.—Love one another.—Go away."

I-Tellem-Blah:—Ah, lucky lady. You are one of the Few who Are Ready. You must come to my classes.

Mrs. Ernest Uplift (*in strident tones to Senator Folson*):—But what *is* the Administration going to do about the important question of vocational training for convicts?

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Miss Chatterson (*aside to Mr. Blair*):—Hasn't that woman a typical middle-western voice? She must be a native of Illinois. They never lose that twang.

Mrs. Ernest Uplift (*in loud tones to Senator Folson*):—But you see, Senator, I am a native Russian—lived all my life in Russia until four years ago.

Mrs. Chase-Lyon (*edging around to the other side of I-Tellem-Blah, whispers to him*):—You must not mind my dear, quiet little husband. He is such a good business man. But he—ah—does not care much for society—if you know what I mean—he lacks the social flair.

I-Tellem-Blah (*with sympathy*):—Ah, brave lady! I feel waves of courage spreading out from your soul. You must come to the meeting tomorrow night. It is time.

Miss Chatterson (*who has cornered Senator F.*):—Senator, shall I have my hair bobbed? You see, I have a friend who has had her's done in Paris, and it's *so* becoming. But her hair is dark and mine is light. She was in love with two men and couldn't decide which one to marry. One is rich, and the other is clever. And she said that really having her hair bobbed cleared things tremendously, for one suitor was furious and the other loved it. So she chose the one who was furious. She thought that showed so much character. I have the same problem to face, for my hair is beginning to bore me—and I have a suitor—a New York man (her's is in Paris)—only mine is straight and her's is curly. But if I put water on mine, the waves come. But she had her's permanently waved. Her's is more unruly, if you know what I mean. But mine is the silky kind, with little curls at the back of the neck. And I *could* use magic curlers if a permanent seemed too drastic. What would you advise, Senator?

(*The Senator bolts.*)

Mrs. Ernest Uplift:—Yes, I learned English in America. Then I went to England. But I couldn't understand what they were talking about. The English ruin the American language.

(*A famous lady novelist, Miss Sinecure, and a nondescript gentleman are announced.*)

Miss Sinecure:—Ah, Mrs. Chase-Lyon—charming to be here. Where is your cat?

Mrs. Chase-Lyon (*startled*):—My cat! Why—you must be thinking of someone else. We haven't had a cat for years.

Miss Sinecure (*furiously*):—What? No *cat?* But didn't my secretary tell you when she accepted this invitation that I never go out to dinner unless there's to be a cat?

Mrs. Chase-Lyon (*confused*):—Why, no. She must have forgotten. But perhaps we can get one for you. (*Distracted.*) John! (*Mr. Chase-Lyon, who has been standing inconspicuously in a corner, approaches.*) John, our dear Miss Sinecure wants a cat. (*Mrs. Chase-Lyon melts helplessly away.*)

Miss Sinecure:—Yes. I must be going, Mr. Chase-Lyon. You have no cat. Good evening. (*She moves toward the door.*)

Mr. Chase-Lyon (*stopping a passing tray of cocktails*):—Don't go before you have one of these, Miss Sinecure. (*He forcibly feeds Miss Sinecure; then draws a long breath.*) Do you own a cat, Miss Sinecure?

Miss Sinecure (*replying with dignity*):—I always have a cat. Have you ever had one, Mr. Chase-Lyon?

Mr. Chase-Lyon (*gently, with a mournful sigh*):—Ah, yes.

Miss Sinecure:—My first one was a Maltese. I adored him. He died. I now have another.

Mr. Chase-Lyon:—What! You have another? Oh, then you are not worthy to love cats, Miss Sinecure.

Miss Sinecure (*indignantly*):—But I am one of the few people who really know and appreciate them.

Mr. Chase-Lyon:—Never. Not if you could replace your first love with another. You see I have been more worthy of cats than you, Miss Sinecure. I loved mine. She died. I have never had another. I have always been true to my first. Ah, I am afraid you are faithless, Miss Sinecure. Not only should you not have replaced your cat—but it is disloyal to his memory to demand a new and strange cat at every party you attend. (*By this time Miss Sinecure's eyes are moist.*) Have another cocktail, Miss Sinecure. You see we have much in common. I believe we are to sit next to each other at dinner. I want to hear more about your dear departed cat.

Mrs. Youngwidow (*to I-Tellem-Blah*):—I'm so interested in your work and should adore joining a class. You may telephone me when I may come. My number is Atwater 9991.

I-Tellem-Blah (*taking out pencil and card*):—Hot water, what?

(*Dinner is announced.*)

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## *To Dante*

(*On the occasion of the Broadway film version of the Inferno*)

Six centuries had gifted you with fame
Aglow like stardust in the wintry night
With that resplendent instancy of light
That beats about the glory of your name.
But time grew jealous of this rich acclaim,
And deftly spun the notion that you might
(With sundry adaptations) earn the right
To be a movie star in Broadway's game.
The many circles in your woeful Hell
Included—so they found—the pit of lust,
(A spot that screens superlatively well!)
And so they dealt your dream this mordant thrust—
To film it as the flashback in a plot
Of Modern Business and its gilded pot!

R. Dana Skinner.

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# THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

## *The Moods of O'Neill*

IT is very easy to poke ridicule at Eugene O'Neill, particularly if you have a perverse inclination to resent hero worship, and it is perhaps easier still to float with the current of acclaim that pronounces him the symbol of a new era in American dramatics. But the really difficult task is to sit down quietly and to try to understand just what this sensitive and rather morose dramatist is seeking. For his is plainly a troubled and sincere mind, torn between the alluring beauty of an ideal world and the vast mountain of disillusionment, drabness, irony and decay which he sees about him everywhere he goes. He is a witness to innumerable minor tragedies both of soul and body that escape most of us in our preoccupation with the obvious tasks of life. He seems to gather these tragedies to himself, to become a tortured part of them, and then, in a mood which is half exasperation and half bitter pain, to lay them bare for us on the stage. Decidedly he is worth an effort at real understanding.

In the four episodes of life on the seas which the Provincetown Players have grouped under the name of S. S. Glencairn, we have an exceptional chance to see the genesis of much that O'Neill has since accomplished. For these were his early efforts, bitter, sardonic, rather chaotic efforts, not worth very much in themselves, but of value precisely because they show more clearly than finished and maturer work the bent of mind and soul which later produced The Hairy Ape, and more recently, Desire Under the Elms. For the moment, then, it is best to forget the later work, and to regard S. S. Glencairn as if it were our first introduction to an unknown O'Neill.

Here we have four glimpses of the sea as witnessed by a very special type of mind. It is not enough to say that any normally high-bred and sensitive young man would gather the same impression from long service in the forecastle. That would be untrue. For you may recall that one of the classic stories of the sea, Two Years Before the Mast, was written by a Harvard graduate, a young man of sensitive tastes, who spent two years of his life as a common sailor, and in later years proved his thinness of skin by a passionate devotion to the freedom of the slaves which cost him many hours of anguish and bitter trial. Yet his total impression of the sea and its life, in days noted for cruelty and crushing circumstance, was wholly unlike O'Neill's. I do not mean that the facts were different, but rather the mental impressions from the facts. The difference, I think, lies in this: that one was able to hold himself aloof sufficiently to obtain a perspective, whereas the other made every incident a part of himself and suffered doubly, first in the seeing and then in the living of the other man's experience. O'Neill can not disentangle himself from events. In this lies his power and his weakness.

Dramatically the four episodes of S. S. Glencairn are unimportant. They show a definite interpretive ability, the power to convey to you and me a mood or the inner tragedy of a situation, but they utterly lack creative genius as applied to the theatre. That is, they do not by plot, arrangement, dialogue or even by characterization pass beyond the trite and obvious. There is no suspense, no alternation of mood, no situation which through forcing a decision serves as a test for character. There is no moment in which the brute is raised above himself, or the finer man faces catastrophe. At times there is a sentimentality which is almost maudlin. Yet withal, O'Neill makes you feel the mood of the sea as he himself has felt it. The drama, such as it is, is the drama which you yourself, as spectator, supply, the powerful insistent awesome brooding of the sea itself. It is drama suggested, not created.

But if these episodes lack importance for the theatre, they yield a rich commentary on O'Neill himself. Their very lack of dramatic value shows to what an extent O'Neill allows himself to absorb and be absorbed by a mood, or the imagined sufferings of others. This, as I said, is his great weakness, one which he has overcome to a large extent in his later work, but which will rise persistently to plague him as he passes from one sombre mood to another. It is also his strength, in so far as his keen responsiveness to suffering, or to injustice, or to the tragedy of a great mental conflict, furnishes him with richer and more varied materials to mold and fashion. But it is essential for every dramatist or story teller to be able, at some point, to step back from his work and glimpse it as if it were a thing apart, to be certain that merely because he feels something very strongly himself he has not exaggerated the importance of the obvious or weakened its force through lack of contrast. Mr. O'Neill is too much like a very powerful swimmer too far from land in the ocean of his own feelings.

## *Inkwells and Divorce*

INA Claire may not be a great actress, but she has at least three qualifications for becoming an exceptionally good one. She has a feeling for pathos, which her managers are always anxious to exploit as sentimentality; she invariably establishes a good rapport with her audience; and she has just the necessary repose to make her comedy effective and above the plane of farce. The only obstacles to her artistic success are a too easily won popularity, which may prevent her undergoing the discipline of rigid training, and a lack of imagination on the part of her managers which may shut her out of a rôle giving her talents adequate scope.

Certainly Grounds for Divorce, as a play, is way below the parity of her powers. It is a sophisticated and rather artificially constructed skit on the mania for divorce, in which the throwing of inkwells plays an important part. If you frankly accept it as second rate farce, it is not bad of its kind, and it most emphatically holds up to ridicule the trivialities which underlie most modern divorces. But save for two or three minutes in the last act, it gives Ina Claire no more chance for real acting than a trite Avery Hopwood mixed drink. Some day a discerning manager may capture her for a legitimate play—a play with serious, and possibly even tragic moments. Then I think we shall discover that we have had an important actress hidden too long by froth.

## *The "Best" and Other People*

IT is always disappointing to see a first act in the vein of good comedy and then to have to readjust yourself to rather mediocre farce for the remaining scenes. This is what happens

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in The Best People. Yet in the end you have to confess to being well amused, so that to raise any serious objection is somewhat ungrateful. Too many playwrights nowadays have forgotten that the major object of the theatre is to entertain. Those that have not forgotten merit our respect—for all their crudities and slapstick.

The Best People is full of shop worn characters—the independent flapper, her morose and equally independent brother, her father and mother and uncle, all of the very best people (though from their conversation you would seldom suspect it) the chauffeur from the untrammeled West, whom the flapper must marry, and the incredibly demure show girl whom the son picks as his wife. But the situations are fairly well contrived, and they have the merit of reaching popular sympathy. Nearly every one is ready to admit that the best people cease to be the best the moment they become proud—and as very few people ever admit their pride, our present day audiences are quite ready to side with the chauffeur and the show girl. They dare not do otherwise. The play would be complete if George M. Cohan could wave an American flag at the last slow curtain. But he would be ungracious if he failed to make a bow to Florence Johns for the one amazingly good piece of character acting of the evening.

### *For Your List of Plays*

THE following brief summary might prove useful whether you are living or visiting in New York or watching for New York productions which are going "on the road." Plays not included will be reviewed later and added to the list.

*Conscience*—A rather poor play of an I. W. W. agitator who kills his wife and sees ghosts, redeemed in part by the remarkable acting of Lilian Foster, a newcomer.

*Minick*—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.

*The Haunted House*—In which Owen Davis satirizes mystery plays and gives you a new mystery to solve. An amusing farce.

*The Farmer's Wife*—Perhaps the best comedy of the season with a splendid cast headed by the Coburns.

*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*—With Ethel Barrymore—an interesting revival.

*White Cargo*—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

*Dancing Mothers*—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.

*Grounds for Divorce*—Reviewed in this number.

*Expressing Willie*—A polite and somewhat artificial satire on psychoanalysis and faddists in general.

*The Fake*—In which a murder for the sake of eugenics and general convenience is made to appear quite the thing to do. A play that should never have been produced.

*The Werewolf*—Deserving sudden oblivion.

*The Best People*—Reviewed in this number.

*The Show-Off*—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.

*What Price Glory*—A very fine, though not a great play, which tries to be pacifist but only succeeds in extolling true glory.

*Lazybones*—The best rural comedy of many years. Very well acted.

*Musical Plays and Revues*—Whenever space permits, we shall list the best of this endless collection. *Madame Pompadour, Rose Marie, The Dream Girl* and *Annie Dear* seem to be the decided hits.

## BRIEFER MENTION

*Pre-Romanesque Churches of Spain, by Georgiana Goddard King. Bryn Mawr College Press.*

THAT indefatigable traveler and author of The Way to St. James of Campostela, Miss Georgiana Goddard King, pursues her studies in the Visigothic and Mozarabic with another book on Pre-Romanesque Churches of Spain. Of the Visigothic churches there are "only three standing with a handful of remote little chapels that nobody sees." Of the last kings of the Visigoths, Miss King avers that they "were very like others, or little better, strong men of a tempered courage, not covetous, not mean-minded, just, splendid, pious, chaste. They were Spaniards now: silently, invisibly, the land had taken them. They had the irony, the individualism, the terrible passion of religion, the adult intellectual detachment that are the birth-marks of Spain." The photographs show the few remains of their pious foundations, and they are exquisite for all their fragmentary condition, even if they poorly represent the great churches and monasteries that were destroyed or later rebuilt "for their sanctity or importance, diocesan or municipal."

With the coming of the Arab conquerors—for whom Miss King has also some kindly words—"new building was forbidden, but the Christians kept most of their churches and monasteries, and the great basilica of St. Laurence at Cordova was shared between the two faiths (Christians and Moslems) till the first independent Emir, Abd-er-Rahman I, rebuilt it for a mosque."

The intercourse with Syrians and Armenians, and the influence of Constantinople seem to have been easy and direct, and Miss King makes a highly interesting guide through the intricacies of architectural development and the varying racial characteristics that were finally to be confronted with the advent of the Renaissance. She rounds up her argument—"True it is that in every age change fell too soon upon Spain. So on Mozarabic art a wind blew out of the north, chilling: and Gothic never came to fruition: and the magic withered which was birthright of the lineage of Churriguerra till like dried leaves it drove down the wind and was lost. Art cannot be imported, only the moulds of it."

*The Island of the Mighty, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.*

THE stories of the Mabinogion—"the saga of youth and youth seen with youth's eyes"—taken out of the fourteenth century Red Book of Hergest by Lady Charlotte Guest have been the basis of Mr. Padraic Colum's fine book of boy's literature in The Island of the Mighty. Mr. Colum has with poetical discretion selected the most virile and appealing of the tales, developed them into modern forms, reduced the difficulty of Welsh spelling, and given our young folk a luscious store of delight and imaginary companionship with the heroes of the ancient world.

*Espiritu Santo, by Henrietta Dana Skinner. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $1.25.*

MANY readers will thank P. J. Kenedy and Sons for the new edition they have issued of Henrietta Dana Skinner's charming and romantic novel, Espiritu Santo. This delightful story retains its old attractiveness and warrants the interest of the newer generation of novel-readers.

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# BOOKS

*History of Religion in the United States, by Henry K. Rowe. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75*

PROFESSOR ROWE has produced a very interesting work. He has had to consider a great revolution in religious principles and methods. His history starts at a time when everything depended on whether one was among the elect, and the notion that there was merit in good conduct was denounced as the most deadly error one could commit. Now nothing meets with more general approval than the precept—"Deeds, not creeds." Although formerly it was held that all things should be judged by the Bible, the doctrine is now spreading that the Bible itself should be judged for what it is worth to the moral purposes of our own times. And whereas it was formerly held that changes in ecclesiastical organization and worship were a restoration of primitive Christianity, the view seems now widely to prevail that improvements upon all historic Christianity are desirable and feasible.

The tendency of the times, as described by Professor Rowe, of the Newton Theological Institution, is to throw off dogma, to detach ethics from theology, to practise denominational comity and to find the unitive principle in religion in common regard for the brotherhood of man and joint action for the betterment of social conditions. The idea is that religion is purified by being disengaged from its traditional forms. Professor Rowe speaks eloquently of the process. He says—

"As men have thought and studied and experienced, they have discovered that spiritual religion consists first in a consciousness of God, not as an objective truth but as a subjective reality that enters into human life, a part of the warp and woof of human personality."

In what respect does this differ from religion as conceived by Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius? Does it not come to this, that religion is getting rid of Christianity?

Professor Rowe pays hearty tribute to the help that science is giving to the renovation of religion. While students of nature have been mastering its secrets, "students of religion have probed into the nature of God and man and have been learning the laws of spiritual force and the resources of divinity and humanity." But these students have not yet reached their goal. He admits that "Man does not yet comprehend God." He makes this modest disclaimer in bringing to a close his instructive survey of religious conditions and prospects.

Professor Rowe's references to the Catholic Church are kind and tolerant as a rule, but he thinks that the Church "suffers continually from its lack of kinship with the spirit of freedom and democracy." He offers no evidence in support of this statement which contradicts the opinion generally held by competent historians and deep students of political science. For instance, John Stuart Mill, who cannot be suspected of any bias toward Catholicism, ascribed to the influence of the Church the development of the free institutions characteristic of western civilization. It is a fact which must possess some significance that the only regions of the world where slavery was eradicated, where personal rights were recognized and protected by law, where authority was prevented from assuming despotic forms and constitutional government was created, were just those regions which experienced the training and discipline of the Catholic Church. So even if there were no better ground on which to rest the case than the law of evolution in which Professor Rowe confides, the Church must be admitted to have been an important factor in developments which have exalted human dignity and enlarged human freedom. Moreover, there is no evidence that the Church is suffering from any of the causes mentioned. Any one who will use his eyes can observe that while the Protestant problem is to get the people to come to church, the Catholic problem is to accommodate the people who want to come.

The adherence of the Church to dogmatic religion, however disagreeable it may be to such states of sentiment as Professor Rowe describes, is just what any sound logician will concede to be in proper accord with her claims and principles. Dogma is nothing more or less than distinct and positive doctrine. Whether it be true or false, any doctrine that is clearly stated and firmly held is, by reason of that fact, a dogma. For instance, it is a dogma of the Mormon church that Joseph Smith received a genuine revelation, and it cannot abandon that dogma without abdicating its authority. It is only when one church is held to be as good as another, or when it is held that it doesn't matter what you believe so long as your heart is in the right place, that dogma becomes impertinent. Cardinal Newman stated the case with his usual logical precision when he wrote—"Dogmatism is a religion's profession of its own reality as contrasted with other systems." That is why the Catholic Church is and always will be dogmatic.

Professor Rowe appears to be as confident as was Rousseau in the natural goodness of human nature when no longer vexed by institutions of authority, and the present drift of popular sentiment seems to be in the main on his side. But religion detached from dogma is nothing more than sentiment, and morality detached from religion is nothing more than convention. Sentiment varies with moods; convention follows the fashion of the times. In reading Professor Rowe's glowing account of liberal tendencies we have failed to discover any safeguards against moral deterioration. Less optimistic observers think it is already quite manifest. Under every religious system the world has ever known moral education has been a matter of tradition. In the United States moral ideals have been formed by the Christian tradition which is now undergoing rapid modification. In view of the extent and character of that modification the moral consequences cannot but be tremendous.

HENRY J. FORD.

*Inheritance, by Gertrude Callaghan. New York: Blue Faun Publications. $1.50.*

OUT of the vast welter of memories that seethe and surge through this neanderthalic cranium, rises the recollection of Gertrude Callaghan, a flapperish young person in blonde pig-tails—and now comes this volume of arresting impressions, Inheritance, a volume covering octaves in virility and variety and covering them without striking many wrong notes. The pig-tails have been done up if they haven't been bobbed, and we are here offered the mature reflections of one whose thoughts are:

"Live, vivid things of flaming hue,
Elusive as a breath,
Or timid, solitary, gray ones,
Lying still as death."

To come of Irish blood on both sides, for centuries, and to be bathed from birth in the aura of aestheticism that hovers over all things Catholic, is to have, inevitably, a certain measure of poetic feeling and imagination. While the inheritance is common enough, it is less frequently claimed by those in the

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direct line of succession than it is usurped by wastrel second sons, so to say, and squandered with prodigal and filthy fingers.

"Life prys into the most secluded places," says Miss Callaghan. Even so, must a reviewer. I shall begin with a digression, though the captious may say that this is an impossible feat in itself. By some unknown process of reasoning, many of these offsprings were first published in newspapers. Edith Thomas is the only other poet of promise I know of whose idiosyncrasy it is to use the great dailies as an outlet for her excess afflatus. This strange whim has little to recommend itself in the case of either lady.

An examination of these poems indicates that inheritance taxes have played sad havoc with the principal of Gertrude Callaghan's estate and that the administratrix is at fault for not having more profitably invested the remainder thereof.

Here is a poor little rich girl to whom has been bequeathed the heritage of a fine poetic sense, yet by virtue of those curious reticences, those ubiquitous inhibitions and suppressions in thought and action which spring from Irish Catholicism, though they are often the fruit of religiosity rather than religion, the vagaries of a voteen rather than the grand gestures of a devotee, she has swathed her Muse until it looks like the figure of an enclosed nun and is scarcely more communicative. Here is a sensitive spirit quivering with receptive antennae, to whom Life has been permitted to bear no significant message. What to do? Fall back on "the poor step-dame," of course, like all others in a similar impasse, but of this interesting phase of Miss Callaghan's work, more anon.

Gertrude Callaghan reminds me of a Trappist cook I know, who can speak twelve languages, yet voluntarily remains mute. She succinctly states her dilemma thus:

"My father was a pious man; my mother was a saint;
I only knew the grayness of their somber tinted day;
So when you came in flaming robe and fearless unrestraint,
How could I but in startled wonder send you far away?

For I was very young that time; today I'm human wise;
Your flaming robe still haunts me till I can not bear the gray;
Why have I then my father's heart and why my mother's eyes—
Oh, it was they and never I that sent you far away!"

So it is to be one of those who "have beads for prayer" and not merely one of those who have them "to grace the throat." "Human wise," but not "mortal wise," an interesting distinction, she stands a little apart, a female de Coverley, reporting that feast at which she has never been a guest. She is like her Comedian, who

" . . . plays his part
Though his heart is sore."

Brought up on fairy tales, which, as she tells us, "only hurt some day," she now knows that her "candle light is only Dreams." As she intimates in Since Then, she has learned that it is who walks beside that leads the road to Arcady and is apprised, as was Goëthe (who never found it) that ordinary human happiness lies in the home. Wherefore, this advertisement, Wanted:

"A tiny house, no more, no less,
With only room for happiness;
Where kindness shades the searching light
And happy hearts hold court each night;
Where doors are barred from sorrow's din
And only love may dwell therein.
They tell me, Life, you've just a few
Such houses—could I have one, too?"

Poems are like babies; they need a lot of nursing. It would have enhanced Miss Callaghan's reputation if she "sat up with" some of the items in this book a while longer. A poet can demonstrate precise, sober workmanship without being an exponent of the supersubtle nuance nor an impressionistic vulgarian.

The test of an artist is that he or she create an illusion. Its fundamental quality is convincingness. It must wear the same air of inevitableness that we perceive in objects of nature, like flowers and waterfalls and children at play. They are real things manifesting their reality. And that is what the artist's material must be. To attempt the portrayal of that which, to the artist, does not exist, is to court failure. Gertrude Callaghan is, fortunately, acquainted with most of her limitations and confines her efforts to rebuilding that reality of which she has empirical knowledge. There is nothing precious, elaborate, brilliant or obscure about her verses. They are the harvest of a lucid and sensitive mind and not a few of her lines carry strength and conviction and therefore beauty.

Gertrude Callaghan is, above all, Nature's confidante. "The poor step-dame" has been accurately observed in many moods and is here duly reported in verse that is frequently stimulating and in the main, technically sound. Like the heroine of Escape,

"She loves the silent places of the moon,
The deep and quiet solitude of stars.
When sighing winds, all weary, cease to croon
And night unlocks the world from earthly bars."

She invokes the March winds, but April is her favorite month. She sings of those blithe days "when the springtime blossoms scent the April rain," and tells of one who "in April's arms had died of ecstasy."

In Cedars, Miss Callaghan celebrates the amours of two old trees that stand, "Darby and Joan-like," in her garden. In spite of its indubitable defects, the poem is a good venture and one that lingers in the mind by reason of its quaint charm of illusiveness.

"And often at night when the wind's song charms
The cedars will sway in each other's arms.

Or a wandering moonbeam will leave a kiss—
But only at night do they act like this.

I wonder at times what the end will be,—
Or will they live on through Eternity?

And I almost can find in my heart to pray
That the end come to both on the selfsame day."

Joyce Kilmer rose to his first fame with a little poem about trees that was not much better, in some ways, than the one under discussion. Kilmer, like the finished craftsman he was, gave his poem a graceful start and saw to it that it ended in due time, with a smash. There was a crescendo throughout that poem which is lacking in Cedars.

On seeing the attractive format of this volume, one smacks

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one's chops in anticipation of a feast, and when all is said, after tackling the meal provided therein, one can utter a grace without cant. One recalls other more satisfying banquets, washed down by more sparkling wines, but those who possess their souls in patience during the dreary waits between some of the courses, when the music fails to soothe, will be rewarded with delicious morsels properly done, and, for all you know, "there's pippins and cheese to come."

HUGH ALLEN.

*The World's Debt to the Catholic Church, by James J. Walsh. Boston: Stratford Company. $2.00*

AT the close of a recent discussion on some religious event in history, the audience, that is the Catholic part at least, was very much surprised to hear the Vatican described as a centre entrenched and alien, to protect and spread its own private interests in a world that seemed called upon for centuries to resist its aggression. The speaker was apparently without the slightest realization that the Vatican, instead of being a foreign element, is and has been from its beginning nothing more than the head service station of the entire world. Its popes, cardinals, bishops and priests have been banded together under Canon Law to protect and promote not their own interests alone but to proceed from the start with the Christianizing and civilizing of the whole race of mankind.

Such a book as that of the learned Dr. James J. Walsh must be particularly useful to persons of hostile pre-possesions against the organized Catholic Church. Those who have studied history in its broader light will naturally recognize the services performed by our early religious founders, as well in ancient Asia, Greece, Rome and Africa as in the new settlements and wildernesses of the Americas and Australia.

In architecture alone the Church has left a lasting public documentation of her services to human society such as can not be overlooked. The domes and spires that lift across the expanse of the world, the quality of ancient carving and proportion that today can not be matched or equalled in any way, should be enough to silence critics, whatever kind of unbelievers they happen to be. Dr. Walsh gracefully conducts his reader from the dome of Santa Sophia, the tombs and basilicas of Ravenna, the Venetian San Marco, through the vaulted Romanesque and the pointed foliage of the Gothic. Catholic scholars are at their ease and at home among the greatest glories of architecture.

A visit to the Scandinavian countries, where there is a definite sense of national architecture, as in Norway, Denmark and Sweden, will convince any observer that with the faith of Rome, the culture of the Vatican, there passed across these countries a breath of art that was definitely suspended in the reign of Gustaf-Vasa. Nobody studying the architecture of the foundation of St. Brigitta of Vadstena or the series of exquisite ruins at Visby on the Island of Gotland can have the slightest doubt that here was another of the many activities and services of that "enclosed" organization that some modern authors would set out as "against the world."

To continue the contrast, one has merely to compare the art galleries of the Christian world, whose greatest masterpieces are invariably Catholic, with the collections of oriental art, from China, Japan, India and the Moslem countries. There can hardly be the shadow of an argument here. In sculpture the names of Leonardo da Vinci, the Della Robbias, Mino da Fiesole, Michelangelo, Donatello, and Albrecht Durer, spell the names of Roman—or Vatican—culture for the most purblind to recognize.

In the arts and crafts, the achievement has been equally brilliant, not to mention the art of illumination and miniature-painting which owe their very existence to the missals and scriptures of the early monks, nor the very locks and hinges of the monasteries, the pots and pans of their kitchens, the windows, furniture and ceilings and pavements and staircases, now so industriously copied by the modern artist—mostly without ascription.

The beginnings of our modern music come from the halls of the Vatican. St. Ambrose's school of song dates from Milan of the fourth century. The early history of Gregorian music is entirely papal. Saldoni declares that all Spanish music prior to the sixteenth century was ecclesiastical as was the great floriation from Josquin Despres, Orlando di Lasso to Palestrina of the Vatican Chapel, the important services of St. Philip Neri in organizing the Oratorio, and the splendid sacred interpretations of Mozart, Rossini and Gounod. We hear much of the hymnology of the separated churches of the north, but while we may acknowledge the loveliness of many of their hymns, we need not recognize them as rivals in musical fame with the work of the Catholic masters.

Dr. James J. Walsh does not pause in his elaboration of the list of services preformed for humanity by the parent Church. It is easy to pass over the whole literary contribution of Catholics and discuss their activities in education, from the Ratio Studiorum to the elementary system of the Christian Brothers. In feminine education we are reminded of the vast part played by the conventual schools; their share in the rearing of children, in the protection of young women in hospices and pensions, their mothering of the aged and infirm, to an extent that it may be said that never were the poor of Europe so desolate as in the centuries that followed the destruction of these establishments in the Reformation days.

Science has always been a well-discussed chapter among the modern historians possessed by the desire to show the Church as an obstacle. Dr. Walsh's new book handles this question as ably as might be expected from the author of earlier works on the Catholic scientists and healers of the past and present. With the name of Pasteur, the case may be closed for the defense.

In the face of the helpless flounderings of modern philosophers, with the reviving acknowledgements by our modern universities of the place of scholasticism in a solid curriculum, and with a study of the inner life of Catholics in his chapter on "Helping the Helpless," Dr. Walsh completes his exposition of Catholic "love of God and of one's fellow man."

His quotation of Gerhart Hauptmann, the dramatic poet and winner of the Nobel Prize, must therefore seem particularly significant.

> As a Protestant I have often had to regret that we purchased our freedom of conscience, our individual liberty at entirely too high a price. In order to make room for the small, mean little plant of personal life, we destroyed a whole garden of fancy and hewed down a virgin forest of aesthetic ideas. We went even so far in the insanity of our weakness as to throw out of the garden of our souls the fruitful soil that had been accumulating for thousands of years or else we plowed it under sterile clay.

THOMAS WALSH.

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## THE QUIET CORNER

*I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library*—C. Lamb.

It was letter-reading night in The Calvert Club's quiet corner, the particular character of that evening's gathering being given to it by the Business Manager's attempt to put the editorial staff in their proper places by reading extracts from letters of complaint. But the staff rebelled. It is one of Doctor Angelicus's profound philosophical observations that the respect of the editorial staff for the Business Manager increases and decreases in a ratio determined by the nearness or the remoteness of pay-day. Professor Hereticus it was who led the drowning out of the B. M. Hereticus has a resonant voice, described by Angelicus, when that old gentleman is testy, as a bray.

"By far the best letter so far received by The Commonweal," said Hereticus, "was one that accompanied a contribution. It ran, so the Editor tells me, as follows—'I want your paper to be read by some friends of mine, so please use the enclosed.'"

"Terrible!" roared Doctor Angelicus. "These attempts on the part of writers to influence editorial judgment by fulsome praise is worthy of only one answer—the instant, summary rejection of the contribution." "Virtuous, incorruptible Angelicus!" retorted Hereticus. "So you would reject the contribution that came with the letter in question?" "You bet I would!" answered the Doctor. "Well, just ask the Business Manager," said Hereticus. "The contribution was a check for one thousand dollars, to pay for one hundred subscriptions." "Oh," said Angelicus, "in that case—verdict reconsidered. I thought it was a poem." "So it is," said the Business Manager, solemnly.

* * *

"One interesting letter I have received," said Primus Criticus, "wanted to know what we meant by using the word 'Nordiculous' in a recent editorial paragraph. What did you mean, Mr. Editor?" "Portmanteau word," replied the Editor. "Nordic—ridiculous. Ridiculous Nordics. Nordiculous: the whole business!" "Oh, I see," said the Amateur Lexicographer. "Then I suppose that the Nordic movement might be described as Nordicolatry, at least in the Nordictionary? And the Nordics, one may presume, mean to set up a Nordictatorship when they get control of things?" "When they Nor-do!" snapped Dr. Angelicus.

* * *

"I have another letter to show you," remarked the Editor. "Apparently it did not come to me as a staff member of The Commonweal, but because somebody must have a mailing list of book authors. Here it is—'I want you to help Booming, the youngest college in Methodism, go and grow by sending us an autographed copy of your best book, as you see it. This will give us one more inspirational volume for our library, and will bring us other friends when they find out that you have remembered us. As an informal thank you, I am enclosing a membership card in our 'Go-Givers' club, and the first time business or pleasure brings you out to this great empire of the Mormon, the sagebrush and the Snake River, be sure to stop off and see for yourself just what we are doing, for the young men, and women of sunny southern Idaho.' As the only book I have published that I could consider as my 'best' happens to describe a conversion to Catholicism," continued the Editor, "all I could tell the reverend president of the new 'College in Methodism,' and founder of the Go-Giver's Club, was that I'd be delighted to give him a copy of the book if, knowing what it was, he still really wanted it. But I haven't heard from him. I have never aspired to be a Go-Getter but there may be attractions in the Go-Giver's Club well worth the price of admission."

* * *

"Giving away copies of one's book for purely honorary considerations is rankly opposed to authorial ethics," grumbled Statisticus. "Giving them to libraries is particularly obnoxious. People who read should buy their books. But the vanity of the author is immeasurable. I myself, realist as I claim to be, and canny in the uptake in bargaining with editors and publishers, have, I blush to confess, found myself grinning like the ass that (for the moment anyhow) I was when gushing ladies have assured me that they had waited weeks to borrow a book of mine from a library, or a friend. What we need is a new Alexander who will burn all libraries but not the books." "And burn all book-borrowers at the stake," added Dr. Angelicus heartily. "A few authors I know might be added," said the Editor, reflectively.

* * *

"To return to our letters," remarked our Liturgist, "here is one turned over to me by the Editor, which I wish to read, first because it is a charming little contribution to that most fascinating subject, hagiography, and, secondly, and more significantly, as a warning to all amateur dabblers in liturgical matters to mind their p's and q's. It is from that learned recluse, Archbishop Robert Seton—

Convent of Saint Elizabeth,
Convent, New Jersey.

Dear Sir: I have read with great pleasure the article on Dr. Dawson's Mystery in The Commonweal, and yet at the very beginning I sustained an antithetical shock—one part being sorrow that the words, "that obscure Saint," had not been left out and of joy that the words, "Saint Anastasia," had been left in, for it came to me as a welcome surprise that there was a church of that name in our country. I have lived so long abroad and I am so ignorant that I thought there was no other church of her name in the world than that dear and lovely Santa Anastasia of Rome, ancient and famous and beloved of Christian antiquarians and liturgists, and so full of the memories of Saint Jerome and of St. Gregory the Great, who inaugurated the mediaeval custom that the Pope said the first of his three Masses on Christmas Day at the Lateran, the second at Santa Anastasia, and the third at Saint Peter's. Saint Anastasia is one of the seven women admitted into the Canon of the Mass and in my Ordo Romanus at the Mass of Christmas Day—in the second one—a commemoration of Saint Anastasia and an asterisk over her name indicates that at all three Masses the celebrant bows his head at her name alone among the seven in the Canon. Our Lady's name would make eight women admitted into the Canon but she (so hors concours) has it in another part and all to herself. I write in no critical spirit and you will probably be glad that I have tried to draw your parish saint out of obscurity.

ROBERT SETON."

* * *

"All this is, perhaps, interesting," broke in the Business Manager, "but it is wandering from the point. And the point is that the editorial department lost us one perfectly good ad. and at least two subscriptions I know about—Heaven only knows how many others—by an article referred to in the letter that I now insist upon reading"—"The correspondence will now cease," ruled the Editor.

THE LIBRARIAN.

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